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P O E M S

BY THE LATE REVEREND

DR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

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BY THE LATE REVEREND

DR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK;

TOGETHER WITH

AN ESSAY ON THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A NEW ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS
of the AUTHOR,

By Mr. MACKENZIE, Author of the MAN of FEELING, &c.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by ALEXANDER CHAPMAN and COMPANY;
Sold by W. CREECH, Edinburgh, and T. CADELL, London.

M,DCC,XCIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hoped the ſubſcribers will excuſe their being diſappointed of the ſpecimen of printing by the blind children of the charitable ſeminary at Paris, which the Editor hoped to have been able to ſubjoin to this volume, but which the preſent diſtracted ſtate of France, has made it impoſſible to procure.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
DR. BLACKLOCK.

OF those whose writings have delighted the feelings, or attracted the admiration of mankind, it has generally happened that the lives have afforded but very few materials for biography. The “sequestered vale,” as one of themselves has termed it, in which genius nourishes the swelling thought, or study pursues its elaborate research, has scarce any objects for description to embellish, or events to which narrative could give importance. The dispositions of such persons are generally as averse, as their situations are unfavourable, to the pursuits of interest or ambition, to those active pursuits which lead men through conspicuous events, or associate them with conspicuous characters. The lives of literary men are often the mere measure of a certain portion of time in which their works were produced, and have only that subordinate and unnoticed relation to those productions which the canvas of *Guido* had to his paintings, or the marble of *Michael Angelo* to his

sculpture. Without the materials, the work would not have existed; but the material is of so little value in proportion to the work, that in the contemplation of the latter the former is forgotten.

Yet a shred of that canvas, or a fragment of that marble on which either of those great men wrought, would bear a value in the imagination of a lover of the arts in which they excelled. And in like manner, they who have perused with pleasure the works of an author, are solicitous to know the particulars of his life, to learn the employment of those hours in which he did not write, and to see him in that ordinary state in which he left the elevation of genius to concern himself with common things; to trace him back from that period when his fame was at its full, with the same sort of curiosity with which we follow up the track of some mighty stream, to the little rill that is acknowledged for its source.

This propensity, which is always natural, may sometimes lead to more than amusement. Besides the general advantage which results from examining, in whatever direction, the progress and powers of the human mind, particular circumstances may exist to render the situation in which an author was placed, a theme for interesting speculation, or a study of useful example. In the powers, or in the weakness, in the attainments or the defects, in the enjoyments or the distresses of men eminent for intellectual endowments, their successors may learn a better direction of their own talents, or a juster value of their own pursuits; to abate the pride by which genius is hurtfully misled, or to overcome the mortification by which it is unnecessarily depressed; may be taught to avoid those fair-seeming paths that lead to disquiet and disappointment, and be led to sources of content and consolation amidst prospects the most gloomy and unpromising.

The

The life of *Dr. Thomas Blacklock*, author of the following poems, may, I think, assert a claim to notice beyond that of most authors, to whose story the public attention has been called by the publication of their works. He who reads these poems with that interest which their intrinsic merit deserves, will feel that interest very much increased when he shall be told the various difficulties which their author overcame in their production; the obstacles which nature and fortune had placed in his way to the possession of those ideas which his mind acquired, to the communication of those which his poetry unfolds.

He was born in the year 1721, at Annan in the county of Dumfries in Scotland. His parents were natives of the bordering English county of Cumberland. His father was by trade a brick-layer; his mother the daughter of a considerable dealer in cattle; both respectable in their characters; and it would appear, possessed of a considerable degree of knowledge and urbanity; which in a country where education was cheap, and property then a good deal subdivided, was often the case with persons of their station.

Before he was six months old he lost his eye-sight in the small-pox. This rendered him incapable of any those mechanical trades to which his father might naturally have been inclined to breed him, and his circumstances prevented his aspiring to the higher professions. The good man therefore kept his son in his house, and, with the assistance of some of his friends, fostered that inclination which the boy early shewed for books, by reading, to amuse him, first the simple sort of publications which are commonly put into the hands of children, and then several of our best authors, such as Milton, Spencer, Prior, Pope, and Addison. His companions, whom his early gentleness and kindness of disposition, as well as their

compassion for his misfortune, strongly attached to him, were very assiduous in their good offices, in reading to instruct and amuse him. By their assistance he acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he never was at a grammar-school till at a more advanced period of life. Poetry was even then his favourite reading; and he found an enthusiastic delight in the works of the best English poets, and in those of his countryman *Allan Ramsay*. Even at an age so early as twelve he began to write poems, one of which is preserved in this collection, and is not, perhaps, inferior to any of the premature compositions of boys assisted by the best education, which are only recalled into notice by the future fame of their authors.

He had attained the age of nineteen when his father was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln belonging to his son-in-law. This loss, heavy to any one at that early age, would have been, however, to a young man possessing the ordinary means of support, and the ordinary advantages of education, comparatively light; but to him,—thus suddenly deprived of that support on which his youth had leaned—destitute almost of any resource which industry affords to those who have the blessings of sight—with a body feeble and delicate from nature, and a mind congenially susceptible, it was not surprising that this blow was doubly severe, and threw on his spirits that despondent gloom to which he then gave way in the following pathetic lines, and which sometimes overclouded them in the subsequent period of his life.

“ Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour

“ May come; perhaps this moment it impends;

“ Which drives me forth to penury and cold,

“ Naked, and beat by all the storms of heav’n,

“ Friendless

“ Friendless and guideless to explore my way ;

“ Till, on cold earth this poor unshelter'd head

Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast

Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.”

Though dependent, however he was not destitute of friends ; and heaven rewarded the pious confidence, which, a few lines after, he expresses in its care, by providing for him protectors and patrons, by whose assistance he obtained advantages, which, had his father lived, might perhaps never have opened to him.

He lived with his mother for about a year after his father's death, and began to be distinguished as a young man of uncommon parts and genius. These were at that time unassisted by learning ; the circumstances of his family affording him no better education than the smattering of Latin which his companions had taught him, and the perusal and recollection of the few English authors which they, or his father in the intervals of his professional labours, had read to him. Poetry, however, though it attains its highest perfection in a cultivated soil, grows perhaps as luxuriantly in a wild one. To poetry, as we have before mentioned, he was devoted from his earliest days ; and about this time several of his poetical productions began to be handed about, which considerably enlarged the circle of his friends and acquaintance. Some of his compositions being shewn to Doctor *Stevenson*, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, who was accidentally at Dumfries on a professional visit, that gentleman formed the benevolent design of carrying him to the Scotch metropolis, and giving to his natural endowments the assistance of a classical education. He came to Edinburgh in the year 1741, and was enrolled a student of divinity in the University there.

there, though at that time without any particular view of entering into the church. In that university he continued his studies under the patronage of Doctor Stevenson till the year 1745, and in the following year a volume of his poems in octavo was first published. During the national disturbances, which prevailed during those years, he returned to Dumfries, where he resided with Mr. *M'Murdo*, a gentleman who had married his sister, in whose house he was not only treated with all the kindness and affection of a brother, but had an opportunity, from the society which it afforded, of considerably increasing the store of his ideas. After the close of the rebellion, and the compleat restoration of the peace of the country, he returned again to the metropolis, and pursued his studies for six years longer. During this last residence in Edinburgh, among other literary acquaintance, he obtained that of the celebrated *David Hume*, who, with all that humanity and benevolence for which he was distinguished, attached himself warmly to Mr. Blacklock's interests, and was afterwards particularly useful to him in the publication of the 4to edition of his poems, which came out by subscription in London in the year 1756. Previously to this a second edition in octavo had been published at Edinburgh in 1754. To the 4to edition Mr. Spence, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who had conceived a great regard for the author, prefixed a very elaborate and ingenious account of his life, character, and writings; an account which would have rendered the present imperfect sketch equally unnecessary and assuming, had it not been written at a period so early as to include only the opening events of a life for which it was meant to claim the future notice and favour of the public.

In the course of his education at Edinburgh, he acquired a proficiency in the learned languages, and became more a master of
the

the French tongue than was common there, from the social intercourse to which he had the good fortune to be admitted in the house of *Provost Alexander*, who had married a native of France. At the university he attained a knowledge of the various branches of philosophy and theology, to which his course of study naturally led, and acquired at the same time a considerable fund of learning and information in those various departments of science and *belles lettres*, from which his want of sight did not absolutely preclude him.

In 1757, he began a course of study, with a view to give lectures in oratory to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit. On this occasion he wrote to Mr. Hume, informed him of his plan, and requested his assistance in the prosecution of it. But Mr. Hume doubting the probability of its success, he abandoned the project; and then, for the first time, adopted the decided intention of going into the church of Scotland. After applying closely for a considerable time to the study of theology, he passed the usual trials in the presbytery of Dumfries, and was by that presbytery licenced a preacher of the gospel in the year 1759. As a preacher he obtained high reputation, and was fond of composing sermons, of which he has left some volumes in manuscript, as also a Treatise on Morals, both of which it is in contemplation with his friends to publish.

The tenor of his occupations, as well as the bent of his mind and dispositions, during this period of his life, will appear in the following plain and unstudied account, contained in a letter from a gentleman, who was then his most intimate and constant companion, the Rev. Mr. *Jameson*, formerly minister of the Episcopal chapel at Dumfries, afterwards of the English congregation at Dantzic, and who now resides at Newcastle upon Tyne.

“ His

“ His manner of life (says that gentleman) was so uniform, that the history of it during one day, or one week, is the history of it during the seven years that our personal intercourse lasted. Reading, music, walking, conversing, and disputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c. employed almost every hour of our time. It was pleasant to hear him engaged in a dispute, for no man could keep his temper better than he always did on such occasions. I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could observe one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagonist might say, *he* always kept his temper. “ *Semper paratus et refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia.*” He was, however, extremely sensible to what he thought ill usage, and equally so whether it regarded himself or his friends. But his resentment was always confined to a few satirical verses, which were generally burnt soon after.”

“ The late Mr. *Spence* (the editor of the quarto edition of his poems) frequently urged him to write a tragedy; and assured him that he had interest enough with Mr. *Garrick* to get it acted. Various subjects were proposed to him, several of which he approved of, yet he never could be prevailed on to begin any thing of that kind *. It may seem remarkable, but as far as I know, it was invariably the case, that he never could think or write on any subject proposed to him by another.

“ I have frequently admired with what readiness and rapidity he could sometimes make verses. I have known him dictate from

* Mr. *Jamefon* was probably ignorant of the circumstance of his writing, at a subsequent period, a tragedy; but upon what subject, his relation, from whom I received the intelligence, cannot recollect. The manuscript was put into the hands of the late Mr. *Crosbie*, then an eminent advocate at the bar of Scotland, but has never since been recovered.

thirty to forty verses, and by no means bad ones, as fast as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loss for a rhyme or a verse to his liking, he stopt altogether, and could very seldom be induced to finish what he had begun with so much ardour."

This account sufficiently marks that eager sensibility, chasten'd at the same time with uncommon gentleness of temper, which characterised Dr. Blacklock, and which indeed it was impossible to be at all in his company without perceiving. In the science of mind, this is that division of it which perhaps one would peculiarly appropriate to poetry, at least to all those lighter species which rather depend on quickness of feeling, and the ready conception of pleasing images, than on the happy arrangement of parts, or the skilful construction of a whole, which are essential to the higher departments of the poetical art. The first kind of talent is like those warm and light soils which produce their annual crops in such abundance; the last, like that deeper and firmer mould on which the roots of eternal forests are fixed. Of the first we have seen many happy instances in that sex which is supposed less capable of study or thought; from the last is drawn that masculine sublimity of genius which could build an *Iliad* or a *Paradise Lost*.

All those who ever acted as his amanuenses, agree in this rapidity and ardour of composition which Mr. Jameson ascribes to him in the account I have copied above. He never could dictate till he stood up; and as his blindness made walking about without assistance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell insensibly into a vibratory sort of motion of his body, which increased as he warmed with his subject, and was pleased with the conceptions of his mind. This motion at last became habitual to him, and though he could sometimes restrain it when on ceremony, or in any public appearance, such as preaching, he felt a certain uneasiness from the effort,

and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety. This is the appearance which he describes in the ludicrous picture he has drawn of himself (page 160). Of this portrait the outlines are true, though the general effect is overcharged. His features were hurt by the disease which deprived him of sight; yet even with those disadvantages, there was a certain placid expression in his physiognomy which marked the benevolence of his mind, and was extremely calculated to procure him attachment and regard.

In 1762 he married Miss Sarah *Johnston*, daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnston surgeon in Dumfries, a man of eminence in his profession, and of a character highly respected; a connection which formed the great solace and blessing of his future life, and gave him, with all the tenderness of a wife, all the zealous care of a guardian and a friend. This event took place a few days before his being ordained minister of the town and parish of Kircudbright, in consequence of a presentation from the crown, obtained for him by the Earl of Selkirk, a benevolent nobleman, whom Mr. Blacklock's situation and genius had interested in his behalf. But the inhabitants of the parish, whether from that violent aversion to *patronage*, which was then so universal in the southern parts of Scotland, from some political disputes which at that time subsisted between them and his noble patron, or from those prejudices which some of them might naturally enough entertain against a pastor deprived of sight, or perhaps from all those causes united, were so extremely disinclined to receive him as their minister, that after a legal dispute of nearly two years, it was thought expedient by his friends, as it had always been wished by himself, to compromise the matter, by resigning his right to the living, and accepting a moderate annuity in its stead. With this slender provision he removed in 1764 to Edinburgh; and to
make

make up by his industry a more comfortable and decent subsistence, he adopted the plan of receiving a certain number of young gentlemen, as boarders, into his house, whose studies in languages and philosophy, he might, if necessary, assist. In this situation he continued till the year 1787, when he found his time of life and state of health required a degree of quiet and repose which induced him to discontinue the receiving of boarders. In 1767 the degree of Doctor in divinity was conferred on him by the University and Marischal college of *Aberdeen*.

In the occupation which he thus exercised for so many years of his life, no teacher was perhaps ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Dr. Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young people committed to his charge; while the society, which esteem and respect for his character and his genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. The writer of this account has frequently been a witness of the family-scene at Dr. Blacklock's; has seen the good man amidst the circle of his young friends, eager to do him all the little offices of kindness which he seemed so much to merit and to feel. In this society he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which, at other times, it might produce. He entered, with the chearful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humorous jest that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all, lighted up with innocence and piety, like

Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of Dr. Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents from whom no length of time or distance of place had ever estranged him.

Music, which to the feeling and the pensive, in whatever situation, is a source of extreme delight, but which to the blind must be creative, as it were, of idea and of sentiment, he enjoyed highly, and was himself a tolerable performer on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He generally carried in his pocket a small *Flageolet**, on which he played his favourite tunes; and was not displeased when asked in company to play or to sing them; a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society.

Of the happiness of others, however, we are incompetent judges. Companionship and sympathy bring forth those gay colours of mirth and cheerfulness which they put on for a while, to cover perhaps that sadness which we have no opportunity of witnessing. Of a blind man's condition we are particularly liable to form a mistaken estimate; we give him credit for all those gleams of delight which society affords him, without placing to their full account those

* His first idea of learning to play on this instrument he used to ascribe to a circumstance rather uncommon, but which, to a mind like his, susceptible at the same time and creative, might naturally enough arise, namely, a *Dream*, in which he thought he met with a shepherd's boy on the side of a pastoral hill, who brought the most exquisite music from that little instrument.

dreary moments of darksome solitude to which the suspension of that society condemns him. Dr. Blacklock had from nature a constitution delicate and nervous, and his mind, as is almost always the case, was in a great degree subject to the indisposition of his body. He frequently complained of a lowness and depression of spirits, which neither the attentions of his friends, nor the unceasing care of a most affectionate wife, were able entirely to remove. The imagination we are so apt to envy and admire serves but to irritate this disorder of the mind; and that fancy in whose creation we so much delight, can draw, from sources unknown to common men, subjects of disgust, inquietude, and affliction. Some of his later poems, now first published, express a chagrin, though not of an ungentle sort, at the supposed failure of his imaginative powers, or at the fastidiousness of modern times, which he despaired to please.

- " Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
- " Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
- " Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
- " He rov'd, whilst favour imp'd his timid wing;
- " Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
- " But mourns abortive hopes, and faded fires;
- " The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
- " Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
- " Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
- " In cheerless gloom, and winter premature."

These lines are, however, no proof of "exhausted genius," or "faded fires." "Abortive hopes," indeed, must be the lot of all who reach that period of life at which they were written. In early youth

youth the heart of every one is a poet; it creates a scene of imagined happiness and delusive hopes; it clothes the world in the bright colours of its own fancy; it refines what is coarse, it exalts what is mean; it sees nothing but disinterestedness in friendship, it promises eternal fidelity in love. Even on the distresses of its situation it can throw a certain romantic shade of melancholy that leaves a man sad, but does not make him unhappy. But at a more advanced age, "the fairy visions fade," and he suffers most deeply who has indulged them the most.

One distress Doctor Blacklock was at this time first afflicted with, of which every one will allow the force. He was occasionally subject to *deafness*, which, though he seldom felt it in any great degree, was sufficient, in his situation, to whom the sense of hearing was almost the only channel of communication with the external world, to cause very lively uneasiness. Amidst these indispositions of body, however, and disquietudes of mind, the gentleness of his temper never forsook him, and he felt all that resignation and confidence in the supreme Being which his earliest and his latest life equally acknowledged. In summer 1791 he was seized with a feverish disorder, which at first seemed of a slight, and never rose to a very violent kind; but a frame so little robust as his was not able to resist it, and after about a week's illness it carried him off on the seventh day of July 1791. His wife survives him, to feel, amidst the heavy affliction of his loss, that melancholy consolation which is derived from the remembrance of his virtues.

Of the writings of Dr. Blacklock, I think it unnecessary to enter into any particular criticism or account. Prefixed to a volume of poems, the character of that volume will generally be supposed to contain a partial estimate of its merits; and he must be very indolent indeed who will be guided in his reading of the text by the directions

rections of the comment. It may be allowed me, however, to express my opinion in general, that in this collection of poems, the reader will find those qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sometimes sublimity in the thoughts, of elegance, and often force in the language, which characterise the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, which the good will value, belongs to those poems in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence. These indeed are the muses of Blacklock; they inspire his poetry, as they animated his life; and he never approaches the sacred ground on which they dwell, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language.

The additional poems, now first published in this volume, will, I think be found to possess equal merit with those which their author formerly gave to the world. There is perhaps a certain degree of languor diffused over some of them, written during the latter period of his life, for which the circumstances I have mentioned above may account; but the delicacy and the feeling remain undiminished: One of those later poems, the "Ode to *Aurora*, on Melissa's Birthday," (page 200), is a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not any where seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed.

His peculiar situation I do not mean to plead as an apology for defects in his compositions. I am sufficiently aware of a truth which authors or their apologists are apt to forget, that the public expects entertainment, and listens but ill to excuses for the want of it. But the circumstances of the writer's blindness will certainly create an interest in his productions beyond what those of one possessed of sight could have excited, especially in such passages of his works as are descriptive of *visible* objects. Mr. *Spence*, in his introduction to the 4th edition of these poems published in 1756, has treated

treated this descriptive power, which the poetry of Mr. Blacklock seemed to evince in its author, as a sort of problem which he has illustrated by a very great number of quotations from the poems themselves, by hypothetical conjectures of his own, drawn from those passages, and from the nature of a blind man's sensations and ideas; and by some accounts of such sensations in himself, which Mr. Blacklock gave to Mr. Spence in discoursing on the subject.

Without detracting from the ingenuity of Mr. Spence's deductions, I am apt, in the case of Dr. Blacklock, to ascribe much to the effect of a retentive and ready memory of that poetical language in which from his earliest infancy he delighted, and that apt appropriation of it which an habitual acquaintance with the best poets had taught him.

This I am sensible by no means affords a complete solution of the difficulty; for though it may account for the use which he makes of poetical language, it throws no light on his early passion for reading poetry, and poetry of a kind, too, which lies very much within the province of sight*; nor does it clearly trace the source of that pleasure which such reading evidently conveyed to his mind.

It is observed, and I think very truly, by *Dr. Reid*, that there is very little of the *knowledge* acquired by those who see, that may not be communicated to a man born blind; and he illustrates his remark by the example of the celebrated *Sanderson*. Another writer † seems disposed to extend a similar observation to some of

* *Thomson* and *Allan Ramsay* were two of his favourite authors.

† *Burke* in his *Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful*.

those *pleasures* of which the sense of sight is commonly understood to be the only channel ; and he appeals, in proof of his doctrine, to the poetry of Dr. Blacklock : “ Here (says he) is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be ; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm, by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound.” The same author mentions, as a confirmation of his doctrine, the scientific acquirements of Sanderfon, which he seems to think explicable on the same principles with Dr. Blacklock’s poetry.

But, in truth, there appears to be very little analogy between the two cases ; nor does the genius of Sanderfon furnish by any means so curious a subject of philosophical disquisition as that of Blacklock. The ideas of extension and figure, about which the speculations of the geometer are employed, may be conveyed to the mind by the sense of touch as well as by that of sight ; and (if we except the phenomena of Colour) the case is the same with all the subjects of our reasoning in natural philosophy. But of the pleasures which poetry excites, so great a proportion arises from allusion to visible objects, and from descriptions of the beauty and sublimity of nature ; so much truth is there in the maxim “ *ut pictura poesis*,” that the word *imagination*, which in its primary sense has a direct reference to the eye, is employed to express that power of the mind, which is considered as peculiarly characteristic of poetical genius ; and therefore, whatever be the *degree* of pleasure which a blind poet receives from the exercise of his art, the pleasure must, in general, be perfectly different in *kind* from that which he imparts to his readers.

Sanderfon, we are told, though blind, could lecture on the *prismatic spectrum*, and on the theory of the rainbow ; but to his

mind the names of the different colours were merely significant of the relative arrangement of the spaces which they occupied, and produced as little effect on his imagination as the letters of the alphabet which he employed in his geometrical diagrams. By means of a retentive memory, it might have been possible for him to acquire a knowledge of the common poetical epithets appropriated to the different colours : it is even conceivable, that by long habits of poetical reading, he might have become capable of producing such a description of their order in the *spectrum* as is contained in the following lines of *Thomson* :

“ First the flaming red
“ Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next,
“ And next delicious yellow ; by whose side
“ Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green :
“ Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
“ Etherial play’d ; and then of sadder hue
“ Emerg’d the deepen’d Indico, as when
“ The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost ;
“ While the last gleamings of refracted light
“ Dy’d in the fainting violet away.”

But supposing all this possible, how different must have been the effect of the description on his mind from what it produced on that of Thomson ? or what idea could he form of the rapture which the poet felt in recalling to his imagination the innumerable appearances in the earth and heavens, of which the philosophic principles he referred to afford the explanation ?

“ Did

- “ Did ever poet image aught so fair,
“ Dreaming in whisp’ring groves, by the hoarse brook;
“ Or prophet to whose rapture heav’n descends !
“ Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds
“ Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
“ How just, how beauteous, the refractive law.”

Yet, though it be evidently impossible that a description of this sort, relating entirely to the peculiar perceptions of sight, should convey to a blind man the same kind of pleasure which we receive from it, it may be easily imagined, that the same words which in their ordinary acceptation express visible objects, may, by means of early associations, become to such a person the vehicle of many other agreeable or disagreeable emotions. These associations will probably vary greatly in the case of different individuals, according to the circumstances of their education, and the peculiar bent of their genius. Dr. Blacklock’s associations in regard to colours, were (according to his own account) chiefly of the moral kind.—But into this enquiry, which opens a wide field of speculation to the metaphysician, I do not mean to enter. I shall content myself with remarking, that in other arts, as well as those which address themselves to sight, the same distinction is to be found. What may be termed the arithmetic and mathematics of music and of the scale, depend not on a musical ear any more than the theory of vision depends on sight. In both cases, pleasure and feeling are easily distinguishable from knowledge and science; the first require, and cannot exist without an eye for colour, and an ear for sound; the last are independent of either.

It is indeed the boast of genius to do much on scanty materials, to create and “ body forth the forms of things,” to give character to what it has not known, and picture to what it has not seen. The

genius of *Shakespeare* has entered into the cabinets of statesmen, and the palaces of kings, and made them speak like statesmen and like kings. It has given manners as well as language to imaginary beings, which, though we cannot criticise like the other, every one intuitively owns to be true. It has kindled the wizard's fire, and trimm'd "the fairy's glow-worm lamp;" has moulded a *Caliban's* savage form, and spun the light down of an *Ariel's* wing. But this imaginative power, how extensive and wonderful soever its range, had still some elements from which it could raise this world of fancy, some analogies from which its ideas could be drawn. To the blind no degree of genius can supply the want of these with regard to visible objects, nor teach them that entirely distinct species of perception which belongs to sight. "Objects of *sight* and *touch* (says Berkely very justly) constitute *two worlds*, which, though nearly connected, bear no resemblance to one another."

In the case of Dr. Blacklock, we happen to be possessed of a piece of evidence more direct than any thing which a third person, however well acquainted with him individually, or however conversant with the subject in general, can produce with regard to his ideas on visible objects: I allude to the article BLIND in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published at Edinburgh in the year 1783, which was written by him. In this little treatise, (which I will venture to recommend, not only on account of its peculiarity, as being the production of a blind man, but of its intrinsic merit), there are no marks of any extraordinary conception of visible objects, nor any allusion to those mental images which ingenuity might suppose deducible from the descriptive passages with which his poetry abounds. It contains chiefly reflections on the distresses and disadvantages of blindness, and the best means of alleviating them; directions for the education of the blind, and a description of various

rious inventions for enabling them to attain and to practise several arts and sciences from which their situation might seem to exclude them. The sympathy and active benevolence of Dr. Blacklock prompted him to this composition, as well as to a translation of M. *Haiiy's* account of the charitable institution for the blind at *Paris*, which is annexed to the present edition of his poems. “ To
 “ the blind (says this article in the *Encyclopædia*), the visible world
 “ is totally annihilated; he is perfectly conscious of no space but
 “ that in which he stands, or to which his extremities can reach”
 “ - - - “ All the various modes of delicate proportion, all the
 “ beautiful varieties of light and colours, whether exhibited in the
 “ works of nature or art, are to the blind irretrievably lost. De-
 “ pendent for every thing but mere subsistence on the good offices
 “ of others; obnoxious to injury from every point, which they
 “ are neither capacited to perceive, nor qualified to resist; they are,
 “ during the present state of being, rather to be considered as pri-
 “ soners at large than citizens of nature.”

In that part which relates to the education of the blind, one direction is rather singular, though it seems extremely proper. The author strongly recommends to their parents and relations to accustom them to an early exertion of their own active powers, though at the risk of their personal safety.

“ Parents and relations ought never to be too ready in offering
 “ their assistance to the blind in any office which they can per-
 “ form, or in any acquisition which they can procure for them-
 “ selves, whether they are prompted by amusement or necessity.
 “ Let a blind boy be permitted to walk through the neighbourhood
 “ without a guide, not only though he should run some hazard,
 “ but even though he should suffer some pain.

“ If

“ If he has a mechanical turn, let him not be denied the use of
 “ edge-tools; for it is better that he should lose a little blood, or
 “ even break a bone, than be perpetually confined to the same
 “ place, debilitated in his frame, and depressed in his mind.—Such
 “ a being can have no employment but to feel his own weakness,
 “ and become his own tormentor; or to transfer to others all the
 “ malignity and peevishness arising from the natural, adventitious,
 “ or imaginary evils which he feels.—Scars, fractures, and disloca-
 “ tions in his body, are trivial misfortunes compared with imbeci-
 “ lity, timidity, or fretfulness of mind. Besides the sensible and
 “ dreadful effects which inactivity must have in relaxing the nerves,
 “ and consequently in depressing the spirits, nothing can be more
 “ productive of jealousy, envy, peevishness, and every passion that
 “ corrodes the soul to agony, than a painful impression of depend-
 “ ance on others, and of our insufficiency to our own happiness.
 “ This impression, which, even in his most improved state, will be
 “ too deeply felt by every blind man, is redoubled by that utter
 “ incapacity of action which must result from the officious huma-
 “ nity of those who would anticipate or supply all his wants, who
 “ would prevent all his motions, who would do or procure every
 “ thing for him without his own interposition.”

This direction was probably suggested from the author's own
 feeling of the want of that boldness and independence which the
 means it recommends are calculated to produce; as the following
 description of *low spirits* might perhaps be more strongly painted
 from that languor to which his sensibility of mind and delicate
 frame of body sometimes exposed him.

“ We

“ We have more than once hinted, during the course of this article, that the blind, as liable to all the inconveniences of sedentary life, are peculiarly subjected to that disorder which may be called *tædium vitæ*, or low spirits. This indisposition may be said to comprehend in it all the other diseases and evils of human life; because, by its immediate influence on the mind, it aggravates the weight and bitterness of every calamity to which we are obnoxious. In a private letter, we have heard it described as a formidable precipice in the regions of misery, between the awful gulphs of suicide on the one hand and phrensy on the other, into either of which a gentle breeze, according to the force of its impulse, and the line of its direction, may irrecoverably plunge the unhappy victim; yet from both of which he may providentially escape. Though the shades of the metaphor may perhaps be unnaturally deepened, yet those who have felt the force of the malady will not fail to represent it by the most dreadful images which its own feelings can suggest. Parents and tutors, therefore, if they have the least pretence to conscience or humanity, cannot be too careful in observing and obviating the first symptoms of this impending plague.

“ If the limbs of your blind child or pupil be tremulous; if he is apt to start, and easily susceptible of surprise; if he finds it difficult to sleep; if his slumbers, when commenced, are frequently interrupted, and attended with perturbation; if his ordinary exercises appear to him more terrible and more insupportable than usual; if his appetite become languid and his digestion slow; if agreeable occurrences give him less pleasure, and adverse events more pain than they ought to inspire;—this is the crisis of vigorous interposition.”

The

The imagination which the muse of terror indulges, while she sometimes suffers pain from the indulgence, may be traced in the cautions which he gives against allowing the minds of the blind to be impressed with frightful tales.

“ Those philosophers who have attempted to break the alliance
“ between darkness and spectres, were certainly inspired by laud-
“ able motives. But they must give us leave to assert, that there is
“ a natural and essential connection betwixt night and orcus.

“ Were we endued with senses to advertise us of every noxious
“ object before its contiguity could render it formidable, our
“ panics would probably be less frequent and sensible than we real-
“ ly feel them. Darkness and silence, therefore, have something
“ dreadful in them, because they supersede the vigilance of those
“ senses which give us the earliest notices of things.

“ If you talk to a blind boy of invisible beings, let benevolence
“ be an inseparable ingredient in their character. You may, if
“ you please, tell him of departed spirits, anxious for the welfare
“ of their surviving friends; of ministering angels, who descend
“ with pleasure from heaven to execute the purposes of their Ma-
“ ker’s benignity; you may even regale his imagination with the
“ sportive gambols and innocent frolics of fairies; but let him
“ hear as seldom as possible, even in stories which he knows to be
“ fabulous, of vindictive ghosts, vindictive fiends, or avenging
“ furies. They seize and pre-occupy every avenue of terror which
“ is open in the soul; nor are they easily dispossessed. Sooner should
“ we hope to exorcise a ghost, or appease a fury, than to obliterate
“ their images in a warm and susceptible imagination, where they
“ have been habitually impressed, and where those feelings cannot
“ be dissipated by external phenomena. If horrors of this kind
should

“ should agitate the heart of a blind boy (which may happen notwithstanding the most strenuous endeavours to prevent it), the stories which he has heard will be most effectually discredited by ridicule. This, however, must be cautiously applied, by gentle and delicate gradations.

“ If he is inspired with terror by effects upon his senses, the causes of which he cannot investigate; indefatigable pains must be taken to explain their phenomena, and to confirm that explanation, whenever it can be done, by the testimony of his own senses and his own experience. The exertion of his locomotive and mechanical powers (the rights of which we have formerly endeavoured to assert) will sensibly contribute to dispel these terrors.”

If we do not assign to Dr. Blacklock any extraordinary, or what might be termed preternatural conception of visible objects, yet we may fairly claim for him a singular felicity of combination in his use of the expressions by which those objects are distinguished. The following descriptive strokes, most of which, with a great many others, Mr. Spence has collected, are as finely drawn, and as justly coloured, as sight could have made them.

“ Mild gleams the purple evening o’er the plain.”

(page 77. verse 14.)

“ Ye vales, which to the raptur’d eye

“ Disclos’d the flow’ry pride of May;

“ Ye circling hills, whose summits high

“ Blush’d with the morning’s earliest ray.”

(p. 65. v. 5.)

d

Let

" Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow,
 " The violets languish, and the roses glow ;
 " In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
 " Narcissus here his love-sick head recline ;
 " Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
 " And tulips ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes."

(p. 115. v. 107.)

" On rising ground, the prospect to command,
 " Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
 " In rural neatness let my cottage stand ;
 " Here wave a wood, and there a river flow."

(p. 107. v. 1.)

" Oft on the glassy stream, with raptur'd eyes,
 " Surveys her form in mimic sweetness rise ;
 " Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,
 " Adjusts her locks, and heightens every grace."

(p. 89. v. 121.)

" Oft, while the sun
 " Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n,
 " * A gloom of congregated vapours rise
 " Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
 " And o'er the face of things incumbent hang

* The critical reader will perceive an inaccuracy in this line ; but it is an inaccuracy rather in the expression than in the picture.

" Por-

“ Portending tempest ; till the source of day
 “ Again asserts the empire of the sky,
 “ And o’er the blotted scene of nature throws
 “ A keener splendour.”

(p. 133. v. 185.)

“ O’er the burning lake
 “ Of blue sulphureous gleam.”

(p. 123. v. 119.)

“ All her snakes
 “ Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
 “ With ceaseless horrid hiss ; shall brandish quick
 “ Their forked tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
 “ With sanguine fiery glare.”

(p. 122. v. 101.)

There is equal force and justness in his description of the terror of
 a guilty conscience.

“ Curst with unnumber’d groundless fears,
 “ How pale yon shiv’ring wretch appears ?
 “ For him the day-light shines in vain,
 “ For him the fields no joys contain ;
 “ Nature’s whole charms to him are lost,
 “ No more the woods their music boast ;
 “ No more the meads their vernal bloom,
 “ No more the gales their rich perfume :
 “ Impending mists deform the sky,
 “ And beauty withers in his eye.

" In hopes his terror to elude,
 " By day he mingles with the crowd ;
 " Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 " In busy crowds, and open day.
 " If night his lonely walk surprize,
 " What horrid visions round him rise !
 " That blasted oak, which meets his way,
 " Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 " The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
 " Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late ;
 " The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 " Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound ;
 " And now the spot he seems to tread,
 " Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid ;
 " He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
 " Deep murmurs from her caves ascend,
 " Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
 " Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade ;
 " While throw'd *manes* palely stare
 " And beck'ning wish to breathe their care :
 " Thus real woes from false he bears,
 " And feels the death, the hell, he fears."

Nor are the following stanzas in the "Ode to a Young Gentleman bound for Guinea," less remarkable for accuracy of epithet than for tenderness of thought.

" The
 " Impending mists darken the sky,
 " And beauty withers in his eye."

- " The smiling plain, the solemn shade,
 " With all the various charms display'd,
 " That summer's face adorn ;
 " Summer, with all that's gay or sweet,
 " With transport longs thy sense to meet,
 " And courts thy dear return.
 " The gentle fun, the fanning gale,
 " The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,
 " Thy presence all implore :
 " Can then a waste of sea and sky,
 " That knows no limits, charm thine eye,
 " Thine ear the tempest's roar ?
 " But why such weak attractions name,
 " While ev'ry warmer social claim
 " Demands the mournful lay ?
 " Ah ! hear a brother's moving sighs,
 " Thro' tears, behold a sister's eyes
 " Emit a faded ray."

In producing such passages as the above the genius of the author must be acknowledged. Whatever idea or impression those objects of sight produced in his mind, how imperfect soever that idea, or how different soever from the true, still the impression would be felt by a mind susceptible and warm like Blacklock's, that could not have been so felt by one of a coarser and more sluggish mold. Even the memory that could treasure up the poetical attributes and expressions of such objects must have been assisted and prompted by poetical feeling ; and the very catalogue of words which was

thus

thus ready at command, was an indication of that ardour of soul, which, from his infancy, led him

“ Where the muses haunt ”

“ Smit with the love of sacred song ; ”

as the unmeaning syllables which compose a name give to the lover or the friend emotions which in others it were impossible they should excite.

It was not, on the whole, surprising, that a learned foreigner, on considering Dr. Blacklock's poems relatively to his situation, should have broke out into the following panegyric, with which we shall not be much accused of partiality if we close this account.

“ *Blacklock* will appear to posterity a fable, as to us he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, a paradox, that a man blind from his infancy, besides having made himself so much a master of various foreign languages, should be a great poet in his own ; and without having hardly ever seen the light, should be so remarkably happy in description *.”

* *Carlo Demina* Discorso della *Literatura*, cap. XI.

To

TO MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

TO fame and to the muse unknown
Where arts and science never shone,

* A hamlet stands secure :
Her rustic sons, to toil inur'd,
By blooming health and gain allur'd,
Their grateful soil manure.

What means my heart ;—'Tis nature's pow'r :
Yes, here I date my natal hour,
My bursting heart would say :
Here sleep the swains from whom I sprung,
Whose conscience fell remorse ne'er stung ;
For nature led their way.

Simplicity, unstain'd with crimes,
(A gem how rare in modern times ;)

Was all from them I bore :
No founding titles swell'd my pride ;
My heart to mis'ry ne'er was ty'd,
By heaps of shining ore.

Heedless of wealth, of pow'r, of fame ;
Heedless of each ambitious aim,
Here

* *Rockliffe*, a little country village near *Carlisle*, in the county of *Cumberland*.

Here flow'd my boyish years.
 How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
 Whistled, or sung some fair † distrest,
 Whose fate would steal my tears!

Thus rude, unpolish'd, unrefin'd;
 While, plung'd in darkest night, my mind
 Uncultivated lay;
 With pity mov'd, my fate you view'd;
 My way to light, to reason shew'd,
 And op'd the source of day:

You loos'd and form'd my infant thought;
 Your skill, your matchless goodness taught,
 Where truth and bliss to find:
 Painted, by thee, in all her charms,
 Each gen'rous heart fair Virtue warms,
 And swells the ravish'd mind.

Hail bright coelestial, all divine!
 O come! inspire this breast of mine
 With all thy heav'nly pow'r;
 Lead, lead me to thy happiness;
 Point out thy path to that blest place,
 Where grief shall be no more.

RICHARD HEWITT ‡.

† Alluding to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the winter nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.

‡ This little poem can boast a quality which commendatory verses are not supposed always to possess, to wit, perfect sincerity and gratitude in the author. He was a poor

AN EPISTLE FROM DR. BEATTIE,

TO THE

Reverend Mr. THOMAS BLACKLOCK †.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare ; femita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

JUVENAL. Sat. X.

HAIL to the poet ! whose spontaneous lays
No pride restrains, nor venal flattery fways.
Who, nor from critics, nor from fashion's laws,
Learns to adjust his tribute of applause ;
But bold to feel, and ardent to impart
What nature whispers to the generous heart,
Propitious to the moral song, commends,
For Virtue's sake, the humblest of her friends.

Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage !

native of a village in the neighbourhood of *Carlisle*, whom Mr. Blacklock had taken to lead him, and whom, finding him of promising parts, and of a disposition to learn, he endeavoured to make a scholar. He succeeded so well, as to teach young Hewitt the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and some knowledge in the sciences. The lad bore his master that warm affection which his kindness seldom failed to procure from his domestics, and left him, with unwillingness, to enter the service of Lord *Milton*, (then Lord Justice Clerk, and *Sous-ministre* for Scotland under Archibald Duke of Argyle), whose secretary he became. The fatigue of that station hurt his health, and he died in 1764.

† *Vide* Dr. Beattie's Poems, edition 1766. p. 135.

e

Critics,

Critics, who, ere they understand, defame ;
 And friends demure, who only *do not blame* ;
 And puppet-prattlers, whose unconscious throat
 Transmits what the pert winking prompts by rote,
 Pleas'd to their spite or scorn I yield the lays
 That boast the sanction of a BLACKLOCK's praise.
 Let others court the blind and babbling crowd:
 Mine be the favour of the wise and good.

O thou, to censure, as to guile unknown !
 Indulgent to all merit but thy own !
 Whose soul, though darkness wrap thine earthly frame,
 Exults in virtue's pure ethereal flame ;
 Whose thoughts, congenial with the strains on high,
 The muse adorns, but cannot dignify ;
 As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
 Embellish, not exalt, the starry heaven :
 Say thou, for well thou know'st the art divine
 To guide the fancy, and the soul refine,
 What heights of excellence must he ascend,
 Who longs to claim a BLACKLOCK for his friend ;
 Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art ;
 But more thy meek simplicity of heart ;
 But more thy virtue patient, undismay'd,
 At once though malice and mischance invade ;
 And, nor by learn'd nor priestly pride confin'd,
 Thy zeal for truth, and love of human kind.

Like thee, with sweet ineffable controul,
 Teach me to rouse or soothe th'impassion'd soul,

And

And breathe the luxury of social woes ;
Ah ! ill-exchanged for all that mirth bestows.
Ye slaves of mirth, renounce your boasted plan,
For know, 'tis sympathy exalts the man.
But, midst the festive bower, or echoing hall,
Can riot listen to soft pity's call ?
Rude he repels the foul-ennobling guest,
And yields to selfish joy his harden'd breast.

Teach me thine artless harmony of song,
Sweet, as the vernal warblings borne along
Arcadia's myrtle groves ; ere art began,
With critic glance malevolent, to scan
Bold nature's generous charms, display'd profuse
In each warm cheek, and each enraptur'd muse.
Then had not Fraud impos'd, in Fashion's name,
For freedom lifeless form, and pride for shame ;
And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart sincere,
The feature fix'd, untarnish'd with a tear ;
The cautious, slow, and unenliven'd eye,
And breast inured to check the tender sigh.
Then love, unblamed, indulged the guiltless smile ;
Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
The social sense unawed, that scorn'd to own
The curb of law, save nature's law alone,
To godlike aims, and godlike actions fir'd ;
And the full energy of thought inspir'd ;
And the full dignity of pleasure, given
T' exalt desire, and yield a taste of heaven.

P O E M S
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

HORACE, ODE I. IMITATED.

INSCRIBED TO

Dr. JOHN STEVENSON, Physician in Edinburgh.

O THOU, whose goodness unconfin'd
Extends its wish to human kind;
By whose indulgence I aspire
To strike the sweet Horatian lyre:

THERE are who, on th' Olympic plain,
Delight the chariot's speed to rein;
Involv'd in glorious dust to roll;
To turn with glowing wheel the goal;

A

Who

Who by repeated trophies rise,
 And share with Gods their pomp and skies. 10
 This man, if changeful crowds admire,
 Fermented ev'n to mad desire,
 Their fool or villain to elate
 To all the honours of the state;
 That, if his granary secures 15
 Whate'er th' autumnal fun matures,
 Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,
 Remote from each ambitious view;
 Vast India's wealth would bribe in vain,
 'To launch the bark, and cut the main. 20

THE merchant, while the western breeze
 Ferments to rage th' Icarian seas,
 Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,
 Extols to heav'n his country-feat;
 Its sweet retirement, fearless ease, 25
 The fields, the air, the streams, the trees;
 Yet fits the shatter'd bark again,
 Resolv'd to brave the tumid main,
 Resolv'd all hazards to endure,
 Nor shun a plague, but, to be poor. 30

ONE with the free, the gen'rous bowl,
 Absorbs his cares, and warms his soul:
 Now wrapt in ease, supinely laid
 Beneath the myrtle's am'rous shade;
 Now where some sacred fountain flows, 35
 Whose cadence soft invites repose;

While

While half the fultry summer's day
On silent pinions steals away.

SOME bosoms boast a nobler flame,
In fields of death to toil for fame, 40
In war's grim front to tempt their fate;
Curst war! which brides and mothers hate:
As in each kindling hero's fight
Already glows the promis'd fight;
Their hearts with more than transport bound, 45
While drums and trumpets mix their sound.

UNMINDFUL of his tender wife,
And ev'ry home-felt bliss of life,
The huntsman, in th' unshelter'd plains,
Heav'n's whole inclemency sustains; 50
Now scales the steepy mountain's side,
Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide;
Whether his faithful hounds in view,
With speed some timid prey pursue;
Or some fell monster of the wood 55
At once his hopes and snares elude.

GOOD to bestow, like Heav'n, is thine,
Concurring in one great design;
To cool the fever's burning rage,
To knit the feeble nerves of age; 60
To bid young health, with pleasure crown'd,
In rosy lustre smile around.

My humbler function shall I name;
 My sole delight, my highest aim?
 Inspir'd thro' breezy shades to stray, 65
 Where choral nymphs and graces play;
 Above th' unthinking herd to soar,
 Who sink forgot, and are no more;
 To snatch from fate an honest fame,
 Is all I hope, and all I claim. 70
 If to my vows EUTERPE deign
 The Doric reed's mellifluent strain,
 Nor POLYHYMNIA, darling muse!
 To tune the Lesbian harp refuse.
 But, if You rank me with the choir, 75
 Who touch, with happy hand, the lyre;
 Exulting to the starry frame,
 Sustain'd by all the wings of fame,
 With bays adorn'd I then shall soar,
 Obscure, depreß'd, and scorn'd no more; 80
 While Envy, vainly merit's foe,
 With fable wings shall flig below;
 And, doom'd to breathe a grosser air,
 To reach my glorious height despair.

PSALM

PSALM I. Imitated.

HOW blest the man, how more than blest!

Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ;
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And smiling conscience whispers peace and joy.

Fair Rectitude's unerring way

His heav'n-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While, with unmeaning laughter gay,

Scorn, on her throne erected high,
Emits a false delusive ray,
To catch th' astonish'd gaze of Folly's eye;

Deep in herself his soul retir'd,

Unmov'd, beholds the meteor blaze,
And, with all-perfect Beauty fir'd,
Nature, and nature's God, intent surveys.

Him from high heav'n, her native seat,

Eternal Wisdom's self inspires;
While he, with purpose fix'd as fate,
Pursues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In sunshine mild, and temp'rate air,
 Where some refreshing fountain flows,
 So nurs'd by nature's tend'rest care,
 A lofty tree with autumn's treasure glows.

Around its boughs the summer gale
 With pleasure waves the genial wing;
 There no unfriendly colds prevail,
 To chill the vigour of its endless spring.

Amid its hospitable shade
 Heav'n's sweetest warblers tune the lay;
 Nor shall its honours ever fade,
 Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
 Thus Virtue soon or late shall rise;
 Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
 And share immortal triumph in the skies.

But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
 Who Vice's tempting call obey,
 A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
 To every roaring storm an easy prey.

Thus when the warring winds arise,
 With all their lawless fury driv'n,
 Light chaff or dust incessant flies,
 Whirl'd in swift eddies thro' the vault of heav'n.

When

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

7

When in tremendous pomp array'd,
 Descending from the op'ning sky,
 With full omnipotence display'd,
 Her GOD shall call on nature to reply:

45

Then Vice, with shame and grief deprest'd,
 Transfix'd with horror and despair,
 Shall feel hell kindling in her breast,
 Nor to her Judge prefer her trembling pray'r:

50

For, with a father's fond regard,
 To bliss he views fair Virtue tend;
 While Vice obtains her just reward,
 And all her paths in deep perdition end.

55

AN

An HYMN to the SUPREME BEING,

In Imitation of the CIVth Psalm.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

HORACE.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise,
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space confines.

WHEN darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of the omnific word!
Which, like a garment, cloath'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

SOON as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his founding chariot thro' the sky;
Impetuous Tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.

Fraught

Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
 Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly
 From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
 As lightning swift, resistless as the wind. 20

IN ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
 And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
 Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
 Assault the basis of the firm machine.

AT thy Almighty voice old Ocean raves, 25
 Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
 Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
 And shoreless billows revel round the globe;
 O'er highest hills the higher furies rise,
 Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies. 30
 But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
 That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
 The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
 And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
 And posting rapid to the place decreed, 35
 Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
 Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
 The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
 Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
 It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore. 40

By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,
 Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.

HERE the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
 That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
 Imbibes the silver furge, with heat oppress'd, 45
 To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

HERE rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
 Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide ;
 While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay : 50
 And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
 Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
 Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends,
 Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends :
 At the glad sign the airy conduits flow, 55
 Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below :
 By genial fervour and prolific rain,
 Swift vegetation cloathes the smiling plain :
 Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
 And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows. 60

HERE verdant pastures wide extended lie,
 And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
 Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
 Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care :
 Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow, 65
 And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
 Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
 Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.

Here

Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air
 With artful toil their little domes prepare ; 70 }
 Here hatch their tender young, and nurse their rising care.
 Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe, }
 While timid conies scour the plains below, }
 Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night 75
 Revolve her circles, and increase her light ;
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.
 At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
 Primaeval night resumes her gloomy reign : 80
 Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way, }
 Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their frightened prey. }
 Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food : 85
 To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes ;
 He roars ; the desert trembles wide around,
 And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn, 90
 And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn :
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
 Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
 Springs chearful to his toil from downy rest ; 95

Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
 Bid labour cease, and ease the weary fwain.

“ HAIL ! sov'reign goodness, all-productive mind !
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find :
 How various all, how variously endow'd, 100
 How great their number, and each part how good !
 How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
 Who, with one act of energy divine,
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design !” }

WHERE-E'ER the pleasing search my thoughts pursue, 105
 Unbounded goodness rises to my view ;
 Nor does our world alone its influence share ;
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
 Extends through all th' infinitude of space,
 And circles Nature with a kind embrace. 110

THE azure kingdoms of the deep below,
 Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show :
 Here multitudes of various beings stray,
 Crowd the profound, or on the surface play :
 Tall navies here their doubtful way explore, 115
 And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore ;
 Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
 For the mild charms of cultivated life ;
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
 And India joins in friendship with the pole. 120
 Here the huge potent of the scaly train
 Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,

An

An animated isle; and in his way,
 Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
 When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame, 125
 Portending instant wreck to Nature's frame,
 Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
 The volley'd light'ning, and the furling tide;
 And, while the wrathful elements engage,
 Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage. 130
 All these thy watchful providence supplies,
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
 For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

BUT, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide, 135
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
 Then widow'd Nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries:
 Then gloomy Death with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign; 140
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return.

BUT when again thy glory is display'd,
 Reviv'd Creation lifts her chearful head;
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey, 145
 And life rekindles at the genial ray:
 United thanks replenish'd Nature pays,
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.

WHEN time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary Nature languish into dust; 150
 For ever young thy glory shall remain,
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
 Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
 View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
 Pleas'd, thou behold'st the whole propensely tend 155
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

IF thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
 Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow. 160

WHILE this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn:
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound, 165
 And Nature in full choir shall join around.
 When full of thee my soul excurfive flies
 Thro' air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies;
 From world to world, new wonders still I find,
 And all the Godhead flashes on my mind. 170
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, Vice shall take its flight
 To the deep bosom of eternal night,
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
 Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

PSALM CXXXIX. Imitated.

ME, O my God! thy piercing eye,
 In motion, or at rest, surveys;
 If to the lonely couch I fly,
 Or travel thro' frequented ways;
 Where-e'er I move, thy boundless reign,
 Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

5

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
 Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
 The latent, kindling, young desire,
 The word, 'ere from my lips it part,
 To thee their various forms display,
 And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

10

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
 Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,
 Whatever objects round me rise
 Thro' the wide fields of air and light;
 With thee impress'd, each various frame
 The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

15

Father of all, omniscient Mind,
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depths descend?

20

That

That wisdom, which, 'ere things began,
Saw full express'd th' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,

25

Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?

What dark recess, what distant clime,

Shall hide me from thy distant view?

Where from thy spirit shall I fly,

Diffusive, vittal, felt thro' earth and sky?

30

If up to heav'n's aetherial height,

Thy prospect to elude, I rise;

In splendor there, severely bright,

Thy presence shall my sight surprize:

There, beaming from their source divine,

35

In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,

If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,

I call on night's impervious shade

To spread essential blackness round;

40

Conspicuous to thy wide survey,

Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

Thee mighty God! my wond'ring soul,

Thee, all her conscious powers adore;

Whose being circumscribes the whole,

45

Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:

Alike illum'd by native light,

Amid the sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If

If through the fields of aether borne,
 The living winds my flight sustain; 50
 If on the rosy wings of morn,
 I seek the distant western main;
 There, O my God! thou still art found,
 Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms furround.

Thy effence fills this breathing frame, 55
 It glows in ev'ry conscious part;
 Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life my beating heart:
 Unfelt along my veins it glides,
 And through their mazes rolls the purple tides. 60

While in the silent womb inclos'd,
 A growing embryo yet I lay,
 Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,
 Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;
 'Till, finish'd by thy wondrous plan, 65
 I rose the dread, majestic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
 Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,
 Replete with all my wondrous theme,
 To thee my votive strains shall flow: 70
 Great ARCHETYPE! who first design'd,
 Expressive of thy glory, humankind.

Who can the stars of heav'n explore,
 The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,

Th' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,
 The drops that swell the spacious main?
 Let him thy wonders publish round,
 Till earth and heav'n's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,
 From earth's dark womb impetuous rise,

The conflagration, fann'd by wind,
 Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies:
 In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,
 Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
 Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire;

At whose approach my kindling soul
 Awakes to unextinguish'd ire:

Fly; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
 You, who in scorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

The wretch who dares thy pow'r defy,
 And on thy vengeance loudly call,

On him not pity's melting eye,
 Nor partial favour, e'er shall fall:

Still shall thy foes be mine, still share
 Unpity'd torture, and unmix'd despair.

Behold, O God! behold me stand,
 And to thy strict regard disclose

Whate'er was acted by my hand,
 Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose:

If Vice indulg'd their candour stain,
Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or passion, oft prevail

105

O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray;
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
But guide thy CREATURE with a FATHER's love.

An HYMN to DIVINE LOVE.

In Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

NO more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage
With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,
And willing Muse, their first devotion paid.
Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:
Far from my foul abjur'd and banish'd fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high.

5

II.

O LOVE! coeval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;
At whose celestial voice and pow'ful nod

10

Old discord fled, and chaos ceas'd to roar,
 Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,
 But in the plan of the eternal Mind,
 When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work design'd.

III.

Thou fill'dst the waste of ocean, earth, and air, 15
 With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
 From rolling worlds descends thy generous care,
 To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye:
 For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,
 To bless, and to be bless'd, their noblest end; 20
 To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend.

IV.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
 Next man, thy darling, into being rose,
 Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
 Which neither end nor interruption knows, 25
 Till evil, couch'd in fraud, began his woes:
 Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,
 And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

V.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,
 God's darling offspring left his seat on high; 30
 And heav'n and earth, amaz'd and trembling, view'd
 Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
 By thee, in triumph to his native sky,

On

On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.

35

VI.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming LOVE!
One endless hymn united nature sings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O LOVE! my voice to emulate the sound.

40

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows;
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,
Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted strain.

45

AN

An HYMN to BENEVOLENCE.

HAIL! source of transport ever new;
 Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
 I taste a joy sincere;
 Too vast for little minds to know,
 Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
 From thee felicity began;
 Which still thy hand sustains:
 By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,
 Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
 And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed funbeam flies,
 Through peopled earth and starry skies,
 All nature owns thy nod:
 We see thy energy prevail
 Through Being's ever-rising scale,
 From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
 With plagues and ever-burning smart,
 Thy charms divine expel:
 Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
 And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
 To native night and hell.

By

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

23

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,

25

In blessing others only blest,

With goodness large and free,

Delights the widow's tears to stay,

To teach the blind their smoothest way,

And aid the feeble knee.

30

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,

Expand my heart, inflame each vein,

Thro' ev'ry action shine;

Each low, each selfish, with controul,

With all thy essence warm my soul,

And make me wholly thine.

35

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,

The soul-contracting thirst of gain,

My faintest wishes sway;

By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,

In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,

And kindle endless day.

40

If from thy sacred paths I turn,

Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,

Nor with their pleasures glow:

Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,

My own tormentor let me be,

And groan in hopeless woe.

45

An HYMN to FORTITUDE.

NIGHT, brooding o'er her mute domain,
 In awful silence wraps her reign;
 Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
 Condense to solid gloom the skies.

PORTENTOUS, through the foggy air,
 To wake the Daemon of despair,
 The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
 To HECATE curst anthems howl.

INTENT, with execrable art,
 To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
 The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
 Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays;
 Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,
 And adds new labours to their hell.

AND, shield me heav'n! what hollow sound,
 Like fate's-dread knell, runs echoing round?
 The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
 When rising fiends exert their pow'r.
 And now, sure now, some cause unblest
 Breathes more than horror thro' my breast:
 How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
 What spectres swim before my sight!
 My frozen limbs pale terror chains,
 And in wild eddies wheels my brains:

My

My icy blood forgets to roll, 25
 And death ev'n seems to seize my soul.
 What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
 Shall bid my soul herself assert ;
 Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
 And teach her whence her being came? 30

O FORTITUDE ! divinely bright,
 O Virtue's child, and man's delight !
 Descend, an amicable guest,
 And with thy firmness steel my breast :
 Descend propitious to my lays, 35
 And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Exalt my soul, and warm my song.

WHEN raving in eternal pains,
 And loaded with ten thousand chains. 40
 Vice, deep in PHLEGETON, yet lay,
 Nor with her visage blasted day ;
 No fear to guiltless man was known,
 For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
 But, when from native flames and night, 45
 The curst monster wing'd her flight,
 Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
 Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign ;
 Plac'd death and hell before each eye,
 And wrapt in mist the golden sky ; 50
 Banish'd from day each dear delight,
 And shook with conscious starts the night.

D

WHEN,

WHEN, from th' imperial seats on high,
 The Lord of nature turn'd his eye
 To view the state of things below;
 Still blest to make his creatures so:
 From earth he saw ASTRAEA fly,
 And seek her manfions in the fky;
 Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne.
 And white-rob'd Innocence was gone:
 While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
 Sole tyrant, rul'd with iron fway;
 And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
 And fled for refuge to his arms,
 Her altars fcorn'd, her fhines defac'd—
 Whom thus th' effential Good addrefs'd.

“ THOU, whom my foul adores alone,
 Effulgent fharer of my throne,
 Fair empress of eternity!
 Who uncreated reign'ft like me;
 Whom I, who fole and boundlefs fway,
 With pleafure infinite obey:
 To yon diurnal fcenes below,
 Who feel their folly in their woe,
 Again propitious turn thy flight,
 Again oppofe yon tyrant's might;
 To earth thy cloudlefs charms difclofe,
 Revive thy friends, and blaft thy foes:
 Thy triumphs man fhall raptur'd fee,
 Act, fuffer, live, and die for thee.

But

But since all crimes their hell contain,
 Since all must feel who merit pain,
 Let FORTITUDE thy steps attend,
 And be, like thee, to man a friend ;
 To urge him on the arduous road, 85
 That leads to virtue, blifs, and God ;
 To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
 And be to all a near relief."

He said ; and she, with smiles divine,
 Which made all heav'n more brightly shine, 90
 To earth return'd with all her train,
 And brought the golden age again.
 Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
 The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
 She, guardian of their joys no more, 95
 Could only leave them, and deplore :
 They, now the easy prey of pain,
 Curst in their wish, their choice obtain ;
 Till arm'd with heav'n and fate, she came
 Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
 Vice and her slaves beheld her flight, 100
 And fled, like birds obscene, from light,
 Back to th' abode of plagues return,
 To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

THOU, Goddess ! since, with sacred aid, 105
 Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
 To joy converted ev'ry smart,
 And plac'd a heav'n in ev'ry heart :

By thee we act, by thee sustain,
 Thou sacred antidote of pain !
 At thy great nod the * ALPS subside,
 Reluctant rivers turns their tide ;
 With all thy force ALCIDES warm'd,
 His hand against oppression arm'd :
 By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
 By thee his strength for ever young ;
 And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
 His vigour, with his foes, increas'd,
 By thee, like JOVE's almighty hand,
 Ambition's havock to withstand,
 † TIMOLEON rose, the scourge of Fate,
 And hurl'd a tyrant from his state ;
 The brother in his soul subdu'd,
 And warm'd the poniard in his blood ;
 A foul by so much virtue fir'd,
 Not GREECE alone, but Heav'n admir'd,

But in these dregs of human kind,
 These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
 How rare such views the heart elate !
 To brave the last extremes of Fate ;
 Like heav'n's almighty pow'r serene,
 With fix'd regard to view the scene,

* Alluding to the history of HANNIBAL.

† TIMOLEON, having long in vain importuned his brother to resign the despotism of CORINTH, at last restored the liberty of the people by stabbing him. *Vide PLUT.*

When.

When nature quakes beneath the storm,
 And horror wears its direst form.
 Tho' future worlds are now descry'd, 135
 Tho' PAUL has writ, and JESUS dy'd,
 Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
 And all the heav'n of heav'ns display'd;
 Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
 How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears! 140
 For him the day-light shines in vain,
 For him the fields no joys contain;
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
 No more the woods their music boast;
 No more the meads their vernal bloom, 145
 No more the gales their rich perfume:
 Impending mists deform the sky,
 And beauty withers in his eye.
 In hopes his terror to elude,
 By day he mingles with the crowd; 150
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
 In busy crowds, and open day.
 If night his lonely walk surprize,
 What horrid visions round him rise!
 That blasted oak, which meets his way, 155
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
 The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
 Felt heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,
 Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r refound; 160
 And now the spot he seems to tread,
 Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:

He

He feels fixt earth beneath him bend,
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
 Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd, 165
 Sees lurid phantoms crowd the shade;
 While shrouded *manes* palely stare,
 And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:
 Thus real woes from false he bears,
 And feels the death, the hell, he fears. 170

O THOU! whose spirit warms my song,
 With energy divinely strong,
 Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
 And let him know the sweets of rest;
 Till ev'ry human pain and care, 175
 All that may be, and all that are,
 But false imagin'd ills appear
 Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
 And, if I right invoke thy aid,
 By thee be all my woes allay'd; 180
 With scorn instruct me to defy
 Imposing fear, and lawless joy;
 To struggle thro' this scene of strife,
 The pains of death, the pangs of life,
 With constant brow to meet my fate, 185
 And meet still more, EUANTHE's hate.
 And, when some swain her charms shall claim,
 Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
 Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
 On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles; 190
 For

For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,

On whom her treasur'd soul bestows ;

When perfect mutual joy they share,

Ah ! joy enhanc'd by my despair !

Mix beings in each flaming kiss,

And blest, still rise to higher bliss :

Then, then, exert thy utmost pow'r,

And teach me Being to endure ;

Lest reason from the helm should start,

And lawless fury rule my heart ;

Lest madness all my soul subdue,

To ask her Maker, What dost thou ?

Yet, could'st thou in that dreadful hour,

On my rack'd soul all LETHE pour,

Or fan me with the gelid breeze,

That chains in ice th' indignant seas ;

Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,

I still am man, and still must feel.

THE WISH SATISFIED.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

TOO long, my foul! thou'rt tost below,

From hope to hope, from fear to fear:

How great, how lasting ev'ry woe!

Each joy how short, how insincere!

II.

Turn around thy searching eyes

Thro' all the bright varieties;

And, with exactest care,

Select from all the shining crowd,

Some lasting joy, some sov'reign good,

And fix thy wishes there.

III.

With toil amass a mighty store

Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;

Plant the fields with golden grain,

Crowd with lowing herds the plain,

Bid the marble domes ascend,

Bid the pleasant view extend,

Streams and groves and woods appear,

And spring and autumn fill the year:

Sur,

Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere;
 Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more. 20

IV.

On roses now reclin'd,
 I languish into rest;
 No vacuum in my mind,
 No craving wish unblest:
 But ah! in vain, 25
 Some absent joy still gives me pain,
 By toys elated, or by toys deprest.

V.

What melting joy can sooth my grief?
 What balmy pleasure yield my soul-relief?
 'Tis found; the bliss already warms, 30
 Sunk in love's persuasive arms,
 Enjoying and enjoy'd:
 To taste variety of charms
 Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

VI.

As the speedy moments roll, 35
 Let some new joy conspire;
 HEBE, fill the rosy bowl;
 ORPHEUS, tune the lyre;
 To new-born rapture wake the soul,
 And kindle young desire: 40
 While, a beauteous choir around,
 Tuneful virgins join the sound,

Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,
 Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs :
 Thro' melting error let their voices rove,
 45
 And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

VII.

Still, still insatiate of delight
 My wishes open, as my joys increase :
 What now shall stop their restless flight,
 And yield them kind redress?
 50
 For something still unknown I sigh,
 Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, or eye :
 Whence shall I seek, or how pursue
 The phantom, that eludes my view,
 And cheats my fond embrace?
 55

VIII.

Thus, while her wanton toils fond pleasure spread,
 By sense and passion blindly led,
 I chas'd the Syren thro' the flow'ry maze,
 And courted death ten thousand ways :
 Kind heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,
 60
 My restless toil, my fruitless sighs ;
 And, from the realms of endless day,
 A bright Immortal wing'd his way ;
 Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,
 And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.
 65

IX. Fond

IX.

“ Fond man, he cry’d, thy fruitless search forbear ;
 Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,
 A certain happiness to find,
 Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind :
 In God, in perfect good alone,

70

The anxious soul can find repose ;
 Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,

One hour of full enjoyment owes :
 He, only he, can fill each wide desire,

Who to each wish its being gave ;
 Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,
 Not all which angels in the skies admire,

75

But God’s paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.
 Him then pursue, without delay ;
 He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way.”

80

Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,
 And from my wond’ring eyes, more swift than lightning, fled.

To HAPPINESS. An ODE.

I.

THE morning dawns, the ev'ning shades
 Fair Nature's various face disguise;
 No scene to rest my heart persuades,
 No moment frees from tears my eyes:
 Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
 Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
 Each former object of delight,
 Beyond redemption, wings its flight;
 And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
 Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

5

10

II.

O HAPPINESS! immortal Fair,
 Where does thy subtil essence dwell?
 Dost thou relax the Hermit's care,
 Companion in the lonely cell?
 Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
 Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
 Or, scornful of each low retreat,
 On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
 And, in the gilded chambers of the great,
 Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell?

15

20

III. Ah

III.

Ah me! the Hermit's cell explore;
 Thy absence he, like me, complains;
 While murm'ring streams along the shore,
 Echo the love-sick shepherd's strains:
 Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
 Deign'st thou, O Goddeſs! to retire: 25
 Though there the loves and graces play,
 Though wine and muſic court thy ſtay;
 Thou fly'ſt, alas! and who can trace thy way,
 Or ſay what place thy heav'nly form contains? 30

IV.

If to mankind I turn my view,
 Flatter'd with hopes of ſocial joy;
 Rapine and blood* mankind purſue,
 As God had form'd them to deſtroy.
 Diſcord, at whoſe tremendous view 35
 Hell quakes with horror ever new,
 No more by endleſs night depreſt,
 Pours all her venom thro' each breaſt;
 And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
 Smiles grim, the riſing miſchief to enjoy. 40

V.

Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,
 To my dejected ſoul I ſaid;
 See, to the ſhade EUANTHE flies,
 Go, find EUANTHE in the ſhade:

* This Ode was written in the year 1745.

Her angel-form thy fight shall charm, 45
 Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;
 There, shall no wants thy steps pursue,
 No wakeful care contract thy brow;
 Music each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,
 Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade.

VI.

Exulting in the charming thought,
 Thither with hasty steps I press;
 And while th' enchanting maid I fought,
 Thank'd heav'n for all my past distress:
 Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd, 55
 And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
 Grant this sole boon, O fate! I cry'd;
 Be all thy other gifts deny'd,
 In this shall all my wishes be supply'd;
 And sure a love like mine deserves no less. 60

VII.

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r;
 Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
 Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
 And left my soul to grief resign'd:
 As far from all my hopes she flies, 65
 As deepest seas from loftiest skies:
 Yet, still, on fancy deep impress,
 The sad, the dear ideas rest;
 Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
 Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind. 70

Ah!

VIII.

Ah! Goddess, scarce to mortals known,
 Who with thy shadow madly stray,
 At length from heav'n, thy sacred throne,
 Dart thro' my soul one chearful ray:
 Ah! with some sacred lenient art, 75
 Allay the anguish of my heart;
 Ah! teach me, patient to sustain
 Life's various stores of grief and pain;
 Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,
 Soon let me find thee in eternal day. 80

On EUANTHE'S ABSENCE.

An ODE.

I.

BLEST heav'n! and thou fair world below!

Is there no cure to sooth my smart?
 No balm to heal a lover's woe,
 That bids his eyes for ever flow,
 Consumes his soul, and pines his heart?
 And will no friendly arm above
 Relieve my tortur'd soul from love?

II. As

II.

As swift-descending show'rs of rain,
 Deform with mud the clearest streams;
 As rising mists heav'n's azure stain,
 Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain;
 As fades the flow'r in mid-day beams:
 On life thus tender sorrows prey,
 And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.

III.

Ye plains, where dear EUANTHE strays,
 Ye various objects of her view,
 Bedeck'd in beauty's brightest blaze;
 Let all its forms, and all its rays,
 Where-e'er she turns, her eyes pursue:
 All fair, as she, let nature shine:
 Ah! then, how lovely! how divine!!

IV.

Where-e'er the thymy vales descend,
 And breathe ambrosial fragrance round,
 Proportion just, thy line extend,
 And teach the prospect where to end;
 While woods or mountains mark the bound:
 That each fair scene which strikes her eye,
 May charm with sweet variety.

V. Ye

V.

Ye streams, that, in perpetual flow,

Still warble on your mazy way,

Murmur EUANTHE, as you go;

Murmur a love-sick Poet's woe:

Ye feather'd warblers, join the lay;

Sing how I suffer, how complain;

Yet name not him who feels the pain.

30

35

VI.

And thou, eternal ruling Pow'r!

If spotless virtue claims thy care,

Around unheard of blessings show'r;

Let some new pleasure crown each hour,

And make her blest, as good and fair:

Of all thy works, to mortals known,

The best and fairest she alone.

40

F

To

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN bound for Guinea.

An ODE.

I.

ATTEND the muse, whose numbers flow
Faithful to sacred friendship's woe;
And let the *Scotian* lyre
Obtain thy pity and thy care:
While thy lov'd walks and native air
The solemn sounds inspire.

II.

That native air, these walks, no more
Blest with their fav'rite, now deplore,
And join the plaintive strain:
While, urg'd by winds and waves, he flies,
Where unknown stars, thro' unknown skies,
Their trackless course maintain.

III.

Yet think: by ev'ry keener smart,
That thrills a friend or brother's heart;
By all the griefs that rise,
And with dumb anguish heave thy breast,
When absence robs thy soul of rest,
And swells with tears the eyes:

IV. By

IV.

By all our sorrows ever new,
 Think whom you fly, and what pursue; 20
 And judge by your's our pain:
 From friendship's dear tenacious arms,
 You fly, perhaps, to war's alarms,
 To angry skies and main.

V.

The smiling plain, the solemn shade, 25
 With all the various charms display'd,
 That summer's face adorn;
 Summer, with all that's gay or sweet,
 With transport longs thy sense to meet,
 And courts thy dear return. 30

VI.

The gentle fun, the fanning gale,
 The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,
 Thy presence all implore:
 Can then a waste of sea and sky,
 That knows no limits, charm thine eye, 35
 Thine year the tempest's roar?

VII.

But why such weak attractions name,
 While ev'ry warmer social claim
 Demands the mournful lay?
 Ah! hear a brother's moving sighs, 40
 Thro' tears, behold a sister's eyes
 Emit a faded ray.

VIII.

Thy young allies, by nature taught
 To feel the tender pang of thought,
 Which friends in absence claim; 45
 To thee, with sorrow all-sincere,
 Oft pay the tributary tear,
 Oft lisp with joy thy name.

IX.

Nor these thy absence mourn alone,
 O dearly lov'd! tho' faintly known; 50
 One yet unfung remains:
 Nature, when scarce fair light he knew,
 Snatch'd heav'n, earth, beauty from his view,
 And darkness round him reigns.

X.

The muse with pity view'd his doom; 55
 And, darting thro' th' eternal gloom,
 An intellectual ray,
 Bade him with music's voice inspire
 The plaintive flute, the sprightly lyre,
 And tune th' impassion'd lay. 60

XI.

Thus, tho' despairing of relief,
 With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief,
 Thy absence we complain:
 While now, perhaps, th' auspicious gale
 Invites to spread the flying sail, 65
 And all our tears are vain.

XII. Pro-

XII.

Protect him heav'n: but hence each fear;

Since endless goodness, endless care

This mighty fabric guides;

Commands the tempest where to stray,

70

Directs the lightning's flanting way,

And rules the refluxent tides.

XIII.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,

With pleas'd survey, OMNISCIENCE deign.

Thy wondrous worth to view:

See, from the realms of endless day,

75

Immortal guardians wing their way,

And all thy steps pursue.

XIV.

If fable clouds, whose wombs contain

The murm'ring bolt, or dashing rain,

The blue serene deform;

80

Myriads from heav'n's ethereal height,

Shall clear the gloom, restore the light,

And chase th' impending storm.

An IRREGULAR ODE.

Sent to a LADY on her Marriage-Day.

I.

WITH all your wings, ye moments, fly,
 And drive the tardy fun along;
 Till that glad morn shall paint the sky,
 Which wakes the muse, and claims the raptur'd song.

II.

See nature with our wishes join,
 To aid the dear, the blest design;
 See Time precipitate his way,
 To bring th' expected happy day;
 See, the wish'd-for dawn appears,
 A more than wonted glow she wears:
 Hark! Hymeneals sound;
 Each muse awakes her softest lyre;
 Each airy warbler swells the choir;
 'Tis music all around.

III.

Awake, ye nymphs, the blushing bride,
 T' eclipse Aurora's rosy pride;

While

While virgin shame retards her way,
 And Love, half-angry, chides her stay :
 While hopes and fears alternate reign,
 Intermingling bliss and pain ;
 O'er all her charms diffuse peculiar grace,
 Pant in her thiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.

20

IV.

At length consent, reluctant fair,
 To bless thy long-expecting lover's eyes !
 Too long his sighs are lost in air,
 At length resign the bliss for which he dies :
 The muses, prescient of your future joys,
 Dilate my soul, and prompt the chearful lay ;
 While they, thro' coming times, with glad surprize,
 The long successive brightning scenes survey.

25

30

V.

Lo! to your fight a blooming offspring rise,
 And add new ardour to the nuptial ties ;
 While in each form you both united shine ;
 Fresh honours wait your temples to adorn :
 For you glad CERES fills the flowing horn,
 And heav'n and fate to bless your days combine.

35

VI.

While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain,
 Till Death, with gentle hand, shall shut the pleasing scene :
 Safe, fable guide to that celestial shore,
 Where pleasure knows no end, and change is fear'd no more !

40

To

To a COQUETTE. An ODE.

I.

AT length, vain, airy flutt'rer, fly;
 Nor vex the public ear and eye
 With all this noise and glare:
 Thy wiser kindred gnats behold,
 All shrouded in their parent mould,
 Forsake the chilling air.

Of conquest there they safely dream;
 Nor gentle breeze, nor transient gleam,
 Allures them forth to play:
 But thou, alike in frost and flame,
 Infatiate of the cruel game,
 Still on mankind would'st prey.

Thy conscious charms, thy practis'd arts,
 Those adventitious beams that round thee shine,
 Reserve for unexperienc'd hearts:
 Superior spells despair to conquer mine.

II.

Go, bid the sunshine of thine eyes
 Melt rigid winter, warm the skies,

And

And fet the rivers free ;
 O'er fields immers'd in frost and snow,
 Bid flow'rs with smiling verdure grow ;

Then hope to soften me.

No, heav'n and freedom witness bear,
 This heart no second frown shall fear,
 No second yoke sustain :
 Enough of female scorn I know ;
 Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, consum'd in hopeless pain,
 Ye trees, inscrib'd with many a flaming vow,
 Ye echoes, oft invok'd in vain,
 Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu !

III.

Your paint that idle hearts controuls ;
 Your fairy nets for feeble souls,
 By partial fancy wrought ;
 Your Syren voice, your tempting air,
 Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,
 With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,
 Let each insnaring art conspire ;
 Not all can hurt my rest :
 Touch'd by * ITHURIEL's potent spear,
 At once unmask'd the fiends appear,
 In native blackness drest.

* See PARADISE LOST, Book IV. verse 810.

The speaking glance, the heaving breast, ; 45
 The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye;
 False joys, which ruin all who taste,
 How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye!

IV.

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,
 Which emulates the blaze of day,
 Diffusing far its light?
 Tho' it from blasts shall stand secure,
 Time urges on the destin'd hour,
 And, lo! it sinks in night.

Such is thy glory, such its date,
 Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,
 A while to catch our view:
 Now bright to heav'n the blaze aspires,
 Then sudden from our gaze retires,
 And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs,
 Thy short-liv'd splendor on a puff depends;
 And, soon as fate the stroke prepares,
 The flash in dust and nauseous vapours ends.

On

On the REFINEMENTS in Metaphysical Philosophy.

An O D E.

I.

FALSE wisdom, fly, with all thy * owls;

The dust and cobwebs of the schools

For me have charms no more:

The gross MINERVA of our days,

In mighty bulk my learn'd † Essays

Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

II.

Led by her hand a length of time,

Thro' sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,

I beat my painful way;

Long, long, revolv'd the mystic page

Of many a *Dutch* and *German* Sage,

And hop'd at last for day.

III.

But, as the mole, hid under ground,

Still works more dark as more profound,

So all my toils were vain:

* Formerly the bird of MINERVA, but by the moderns ascribed to DULLNESS.

† The Author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to demonstrate matters of fact *à priori*.

For truth and sense indignant fly,
 As far as ocean from the sky,
 From all the formal train.

IV.

The * STAGYRITE, whose fruitful quill
 O'er free-born nature lords it still,
 Sustain'd by form and phrase
 Of dire portent and solemn sound,
 Where meaning seldom can be found,
 From me shall gain no praise.

V.

But you, who would be truly wise,
 To nature's light unveil your eyes,
 Her gentle call obey :
 She leads by no false wand'ring glare;
 No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,
 To bid you vainly stray.

VI.

Not in the gloomy cell recluse,
 For noble deeds or gen'rous views,
 She bids us watch the night;
 Fair Virtue shines, to all display'd.
 Nor asks the tardy Schoolman's aid,
 To teach us what is right.

* ARISTOTLE, inventor of Syllogisms, as such only, mentioned here.

VII. Plea-

VII.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,
 And which to shun, and which pursue,
 Instructs her pupil's heart :
 Then, *letter'd Pride*, say, what they gain,
 To mask, with so much fruitless pain,
 Thy ignorance with art ?

VIII.

Thy stiff grimace, and awful tone,
 An idiot's wonder move alone ;
 And, spite of all thy rules,
 The wife in ev'ry age conclude
 Thy fairest prospects, rightly view'd,
 The Paradife of Fools.

IX.

The gamester's hope, when doom'd to lose,
 The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,
 The faithless calm at sea,
 The courtier's word, the crowd's applause,
 The Jesuit's faith, the sense of laws,
 Are not more false than thee.

X.

Blest he ! who sees, without surprise,
 The various systems fall and rise,
 As shifts the fickle gale ;
 While all their utmost force exert,
 To wound the foe's unguarded part,
 And all alike prevail.

XI. Thus

XI.

Thus (sacred * Bards of yore have sung),
 High heav'n with martial clamours rung,
 And deeds of mortal wrath;
 When cranes and pigmies glory fought,
 And in the fields of æther fought,
 With mutual wounds and death.

XII.

Let Logic's sons, mechanic throng,
 Their *syllogistic war* prolong,
 And reason's empire boast:
 Inshrin'd in deep congenial gloom,
 Eternal wrangling be their doom,
 To truth and nature lost!

XIII.

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,
 Let † MALEBRANCHE still for *Truth* inquire,
 And rack his aching fight:
 While the coy goddess wings her way,
 To scenes of uncreated day,
 Absorb'd in dazzling light.

* See HOMER.

† He thought the medium, by which sensible perceptions were conveyed to us was God; in whose essence truth was seen, as in a mirror.

XIV. With

XIV.

With firmer step and graver guise,
 Whilst * LOCKE in conscious triumph tries,
 Her dwelling to explore ;
 Swift she eludes his ardent chace,
 A shadow courts his fond embrace,
 Which † HOBBS carefs'd before.

XV.

Let † DODWELL with the *Fathers* join,
 To strip of energy divine
 The heav'n-descended soul ;
 The *test of Sense* let § BERKLEY scorn,
 And both on borrow'd pinions borne,
 Annihilate the whole.

XVI.

In Academic vales retir'd,
 With PLATO's *love* and *beauty* fir'd,
 My steps let candour guide ;
 By tenets vain unprepossest,
 Those lawless tyrants of the breast,
 Offspring of zeal and pride !

* His account of virtue differs not much from that of the *Leviathan*.

† The Author of the last mentioned piece ; who denied the distinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the same.

‡ He attempted to prove the Natural Mortality of the Soul, and quoted the Fathers in favour of his opinion.

§ Author of Dialogues on the Non-existence of Matter.

XVII.

Or, while thro' nature's walks I stray,
 Would Truth's bright source emit one ray,
 And all my soul inflame;
 Creation, and her bounteous laws,
 Her order fix'd, her glorious cause,
 Should be my fav'rite theme.

To Mrs. R——

On the DEATH of a promising INFANT.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE, touch'd with all thy tender pain,
 The muses breathe a mournful strain,
 O! lift thy languid eye!
 O! deign a calm auspicious ear;
 The muse shall yield thee tear for tear,
 And mingle sigh with sigh.

II.

Not for the *Thracian* bard, whose lyre
 Could rocks and woods with soul inspire,
 By jealous fury slain,

While

While murm'ring on his trembling tongue

10

EURYDICE imperfect hung,

The nine could more complain.

III.

Ah! say, harmonious sisters, say:

When swift, to pierce the lovely prey,

Fate took its cruel aim;

15

When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,

Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,

And pangs convuls'd his frame:

IV.

Say, could no song of melting woe,

Revoke the keen determin'd blow,

20

That clos'd his sparkling eye?

Thus roses oft, by early doom,

Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,

Grow pale, recline, and die.

V.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame!

25

Nor salient pulse, nor vital flame,

A mother's hopes restore:

In vain keen anguish tears her breast,

By ev'ry tender mark express'd,

He lives, he smiles no more!

VI. Such

VI.

Such is the fate of human kind ;
 The fairest form, the brightest mind,
 Can no exemption know :
 The mighty mandate of the sky,
 " That man when born begins to die,"
 Extends to all below.

VII.

In vain a mother's pray'rs ascend,
 Should nature to her sorrows lend
 The native voice of smart ;
 In vain would plaints their force essay
 To hold precarious life one day,
 Or fate's dread hand avert.

VIII.

Fix'd as the rock that braves the main,
 Fix'd as the poles that all sustain,
 Its purpose stands secure :
 The humble Hynd who toils for bread,
 The scepter'd hand, the laurel'd head,
 Alike confess its pow'r.

IX.

Since time began, the stream of woes
 Along its rapid current flows ;
 Still swells the groan profound :
 While age, re-echoing still to age,
 Transmits the annals of its rage,
 And points the recent wound.

X. When

X.

When human hopes sublimest tow'r, 55
 Then, wanton in th' excess of pow'r,
 The tyrant throws them down ;
 The orphan early robb'd of aid,
 The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,
 His fable triumph crown. 60

XI.

At length to life and joy return ;
 Man was not destin'd still to mourn,
 A prey to endless pain :
 Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,
 With bliss and anguish, calm and storm, 65
 Diversifies the scene :

XII.

But hides with care from human eyes,
 What bliss beyond this prospect lies ;
 Left we, with life oppress'd,
 Should grieve its burden to endure, 70
 And, with excursion premature,
 Pursue eternal rest.

XIII.

From disappointment, grief, and care,
 From every pang of sharp despair,
 Thy charmer wings his way ;
 And, while new scenes his bosom fire, 75
 He learns to strike the golden lyre,
 And heav'n resounds his lay.

XIV.

Lo! where his sacred reliques lie,
 Immortal guardians from the sky
 Their silver wings display;
 Till, bright emerging from the tomb,
 They rise to heav'n, their destin'd home,
 And hail eternal day.

An ODE.

Written when Sick.

O PRIME of life! O taste of joy!
 Whither so early do you fly?
 Scarce half your transient sweetness known,
 Why are you vanish'd ere full-blown?

THE beauteous progeny of spring,
 That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,
 Each tender bloom, each short-liv'd flow'r,
 Still flourish till their destin'd hour:
 Your winter too, too soon will come,
 And chill in death your vernal bloom.

ON my wan cheek the colour dies,
 Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes;
 Cold horrors thrill each sick'ning vein;
 Deep broken sighs my bosom strain;
 The falient pulse of health gives o'er,
 And life and pleasure are no more.

TO HEALTH:

An ODE.

MOTHER of all human joys,
 Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes;
 In whose train, for ever gay,
 Smiling Loves and Graces play:
 If complaints thy foul can move,
 Or music charm, the voice of love!
 Hither, Goddess, ere too late,
 Turn, and stop impending fate.

OVER earth, and sea, and sky,
 Bid thy airy heralds fly;
 With each balm which nature yields,
 From the gardens, groves, and fields,

From

From each flow'r of varied hue,
 From each herb that tips the dew,
 From each tree of fragrant bloom,
 Bid the gales their wings perfume;
 And, around fair CELIA's head,
 All the mingled incense shed:
 Till each living sweetness rise,
 Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes,
 Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,
 Yet awful as the blaze of day.

20

CELIA if the fates restore,
 Love and beauty weep no more:
 But if they snatch the lovely prize,
 All that's fair in CELIA dies.

25

To a little GIRL whom I had offended:

An ODE.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

HOW long shall I attempt in vain
 Thy smiles, my angel, to regain?
 I'll kiss your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:
 Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile?

T HA

THAT goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gayly looks, and sweetly sings;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all my charmer, shall be thine.

5

WHEN next Mamma shall prove severe,
I'll interpose, and save my dear.

10

Soften, my fair, those angry eyes,
Nor tear thy heart with broken sighs:
Think, while that tender breast they strain,
For thee what anguish I sustain.

SHOULD but thy fair companions view,

15

How ill that frown becomes thy brow;
With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,
Each would to each, astonish'd, cry,
Heav'ns! where is all her sweetness flown!
How strange a figure now she's grown!
Run, NANCY, let us run, lest we
Grow pettish, awkward things, as she.

20

'Tis done, 'tis done; my cherub smiles,
My griefs suspend, my fears beguile:
How the quick pleasure heaves my breast!
Ah! still be kind, and I'll be blest!

25

To

To LESBIA.

Translated from CATULLUS.

THO' four, loquacious age reprove,
 Let us, my LESBIA, live for love:
 For, when the short-liv'd furs decline,
 They but retire more bright to shine:
 But we, when fleeting life is o'er,
 And light and love can bless no more;
 Are ravish'd from each dear delight,
 To sleep one long eternal night,

GIVE me of kisses balmy store,
 Ten thousand, and ten thousand more;
 Still add ten thousand, doubly sweet;
 The dear, dear number still repeat:
 And, when the sum so high shall swell,
 Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell;
 Let us on kisses kisses crowd,
 Till number sink in multitude;
 Lest our full bliss should limits know,
 And others, numb'ring, envious grow.

A TRANS-

A TRANSLATION of an Old SCOTTISH SONG.

SINCE robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
 Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
 Ye smiling native scenes, adieu!
 With each delightful object there.

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye
 Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May;
 Ye circling hills, whose fummits high
 Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray: 5

Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,
 And pleas'd my ruin to pursue; 10
 I sung my dear, my cruel maid:
 Adieu for ever! ah! adieu!

Ye dear associates of my breast,
 Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell;
 And thou, with hoary age oppress'd, 15
 Dear author of my life, farewell!

For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,
 Far, far remote from friends and home,
 Shall blast thy venerable years,
 And bend thee pining to the tomb. 20

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
 From dear relations torn away,
 Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,
 To hopeless love a destin'd prey:

While she, as angry heav'n and main 25
 Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,
 Enjoys my foul-confuming pain,
 And wantons with my deep despair,

From curfed gold what ills arise!
 What horrors life's fair prospect stain! 30
 Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,
 And brothers bleed, by brothers slain.

From curfed gold I trace my woe;
 Could I this splendid mischief boast,
 Nor would my tears unpitied flow, 35
 Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
 Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,
 Had early fate surpris'd me there,
 And wrapt me in eternal rest: 40

Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to beat,
 And tremble with unpitied pain;
 Nor had a maid's relentless hate,
 Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

67

Of, in the pleasing toils of love,
 With ev'ry winning art I try'd
 To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,
 With killing eyes and plummy pride :

45.

But, far on nimble pinions borne
 From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
 She fought the northern climes of scorn,
 Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

50

Ah me! had heav'n and she prov'd kind,
 Then full of age, and free from care,
 How blest had I my life resign'd,
 Where first I breath'd this vital air !

55

But since no flatt'ring hope remains,
 Let me my wretched lot pursue :
 Adieu, dear friends, and native scenes,
 To all, but grief and love, adieu !

60

I 2

SONG.

S O N G:

To the Tune of the *Braes of Ballandyne.*

I.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain,
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain:
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
 Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain; 5
 Yet CHLOE, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

II.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew!
 Ere CHOLE's bright charms first flash'd in my view:
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey;
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they: 10
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

III.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue;
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew:
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair; 15
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

IV. But

IV.

But fee! the pale moon all clouded retires;
 The breezes grow cool, not STREPHON'S desires: 20
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care,
 Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens despair?

The RAVISH'D SHEPHERD.

A SONG.

I.

AZURE Dawn, whose chearful ray
 Bids all nature's beauties rise,
 Were thy glories doubly gay,
 What art thou to CHLOE'S eyes?
 Boast no more thy rosy light,
 If CHLOE smile thee into night. 5

II.

Gentle Spring, whose kind return
 Spreads diffusive pleasure round,
 Bids each breast enamour'd burn,
 And each flame with bliss be crown'd;

Should

Should my CHLOE leave the plain,
Fell winter soon would blast thy reign.

III.

Ev'ry charm, whose high delight
Sense enjoys, or soul admires;
All that ardour can excite,
All excited love requires,
All that heav'n or earth call fair,
View CHLOE's face, and read it there.

A PASTORAL SONG.

SANDY, the gay, the blooming swain,
Had lang frae love been free;
Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain,
Dance quick with harmless glee.

As blythfome lambs that scour the green,
His mind was unconstrain'd;
Nae face could ever fix his een,
Nae fang his ear detain'd.

Ah! luckless youth! a short-liv'd joy
Thy cruel fates decree;
Fell tods shall on thy lambkins prey,
And love mair fell on thee.

'Twas

"Twas e'er the sun exhal'd the dew,
 Ae morn of chearful May,
 Forth GIRZY walk'd, the flow'rs to view,
 A flow'r mair sweet than they ! 15

Like funbeams sheen her waving locks ;
 Her een like stars were bright ;
 The rose lent blushes to her cheek ;
 The lily purest white. 20

Jimp was her waift, like some tall pine
 That keeps the woods in awe ;
 Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,
 Her breasts like hills of snaw.

Her robe around her loofely thrown,
 Gave to the shepherd's een
 What fearless innocence would shew ;
 The rest was all unseen. 25

He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd,
 His colour went and came ;
 Dark grew his een, his ears resound,
 His breast was all on flame. 30

Nae mair yon glen repeats his fang,
 He jokes and smiles nae mair ;
 Unplaited now his cravat hung,
 Undrest his chesnut hair. 35

To him how lang the shortest night !
 How dark the brightest day !
 Till, with the slow consuming fire,
 His life was worn away. 40

Far, far frae shepherds and their flocks,
 Opprest with care, he lean'd ;
 And, in a mirky, beachen shade,
 To hills and dales thus plean'd :

“ At length, my wayward heart, return, 45
 Too far, alas ! astray :
 Say, whence you caught that bitter smart,
 Which works me such decay.

Ay me ! 'twas Love, 'twas GIRZY's charms, 50
 That first began my woes ;
 Could he fae fast, or she fae fair,
 Prove such relentless foes ?

Fierce winter nips the sweetest flower ;
 Keen lightning rives the tree ;
 Bleak mildew taints the fairest crop, 55
 And love has blasted me.

Sagacious hounds the foxes chase ;
 The tender lambkins they ;
 Lambs follow close their mother ewes,
 And ewes the blooms of May. 60

Sith a' that live, with a' their might,
 Some dear delight purfue ;
 Cease, ruthless maid ! to scorn the heart
 That only pants for you.

Alas ! for griefs, to her unken'd,
 What pity can I gain ?
 And should she ken, yet love refuse,
 Could that redress my pain ?

Come, death, my wan, my frozen bride,
 Ah ! close those wearied eyes :
 But death the happy still pursues,
 Still from the wretched flies.

Could wealth avail ; what wealth is mine
 Her high-born mind to bend ?
 Her's are those wide delightful plains,
 And her's the flocks I tend.

What tho', whene'er I tun'd my pipe,
 Glad fairies heard the sound,
 And, clad in freshest April green,
 Aft tript the circle round :

Break, landward clown, thy dingsome reed,
 And brag thy skill nae mair :
 Can aught that gies na GIRZY joy,
 Be worth thy lightest care ?

Adieu! ye harmless, sportive flocks!
 Who now your lives shall guard?
 Adieu! my faithful dog, who oft
 The pleasing vigil shar'd:

85

Adieu! ye plains, and light, anes sweet,
 Now painful to my view:
 Adieu to life; and thou, mair dear,
 Who caus'd my death; adieu!

90

On the DEATH of STELLA;

A PASTORAL.

Inscribed to her SISTER.

See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
 Those cheeks now faded at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before;
 And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more.

POPE.

NOW purple ev'ning ting'd the blue serene,
 And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain;
 Beneath a blasted oak's portentous shade,
 To speak his grief, a penfive swain was laid:
 Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful sound;
 The laughing landskip sadden'd all around:

5

For

For STELLA's fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

“ O THOU! by stronger ties than blood ally'd,
Who dy'd to pleasure, when * a sister dy'd; 10
Thou living image of those charms we lost,
Charms which exulting nature once might boast!
Indulge the plaintive muse, whose simple strain
Repeats the heart-felt anguish of the swain:
For STELLA's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan, 15
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

ARE happiness and joy for ever fled,
Nor haunt the twilight grove, nor sunny glade?
Ah! fled for ever from my longing eye;
With STELLA born, with STELLA too they die: 20
Die, or with me your brightest image moan;
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone!

SWEET to the thirsty tongue the chrystal stream,
To nightly wand'ers sweet the morning beam;
Sweet to the wither'd grass the gentle show'r; 25
To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour;
Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,
And lovely STELLA once was heav'n to me:
That heav'n is faded, and those joys are flown,
Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone! 30

* Mrs. McCULLOCH, a Lady distinguished for every personal grace and qualification of mind, which could adorn her sex and nature.

AH ! where is now that form which charm'd my sight ?
 Ah ! where that wisdom, sparkling heav'nly bright ?
 Ah ! where that sweetness like the lays of spring,
 When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers sing ?
 Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers, join my moan ; 35
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling done ?

AH me ! tho' winter defolate the field,
 Again shall flow'rs their blended odours yield ;
 Again shall birds the vernal season hail,
 And beauty paint, and music charm the vale : 40
 But she no more to bless me shall appear ;
 No more her angel voice enchant my ear ;
 No more her angel smile relieve my moan :
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone !

HE ceas'd ; for mighty grief his voice suppress'd, 45
 Chill'd all his veins, and struggled in his breast ;
 From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies ;
 The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes :
 Too soon shall life return, unhappy swain !
 If, with returning sense, returns thy pain. 50
 Hills, woods, and streams, resound the shepherd's moan ;
 Love, beauty, virtue, mourn your darling gone !

A PAS-

A PASTORAL.

Inscribed to EUANTHE.

WHILST I rehearse unhappy DAMON's lays,
 At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,
 With drooping heads and griev'd attention, stood,
 Nor frisk'd the green, nor sought the neighb'ring flood;
 Effential Sweetness! deign with me to stray,
 Where yon close shades exclude the heat of day;
 Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,
 Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song;
 There hear the sad relation of his fate,
 And pity all the pains thy charms create.

CLOSE in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,
 I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue.

"AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;
 Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain;
 Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow,
 And heav'n and earth an equal quiet know;
 With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,
 And ev'ry grief, but mine, consents to rest.

AWAKE,

AWAKE, my muse, the soft *Sicilian* strain;
Sicilian numbers may delude my pain : 20
 The thirsty field, which scorching heat devours,
 Is ne'er supply'd, tho' heav'n descend in show'rs :
 From flow'r to flow'r the bee still plies her wing,
 Of sweets insatiate, tho' she drain the spring :
 Still from those eyes love calls their liquid store, 25
 And, when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain :
 Yet why to ruthless storms should I complain?
 Deaf storms and death itself complaints may move,
 But groans are music to the tyrant Love. 30
 O Love! thy genius and thy force I know,
 Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow :
 From some fermented tempest of the main,
 At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;
 Nurs'd by fell harpies in some howling wood, 35
 Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood :
 Relentless mischief! at whose dire command,
 A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand :
 Curst boy! curst mother! which most impious, say,
 She who could wound, or he who could betray? 40

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain :
 From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sustain.
 Why did I first EUANTHE'S charms admire,
 Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire?
 Why, happy still my danger to conceal, 45
 Could I no ruin fear, till sure to feel?

So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,
 Led by th' insidious meteor's fleeting ray;
 Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,
 He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream: 50
 Away with scorn the laughing Daemon flies,
 While shades eternal seal the wretch's eyes.

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;
 Ah! can no last, no darling hope remain,
 Round which my soul with all her strength may twine, 55
 And, tho' but flatter'd, call the treasure mine?
 Wretch! to the charmer's sphere canst thou ascend,
 Or dar'st thou fancy she to thee will bend?
 Say, shall the chirping grasshopper assume
 The varied accent, and the soaring plume; 60
 Or shall that oak, the tallest of his race,
 Stoop to his root, and meet yon shrub's embrace?

AWAKE, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain;
 Those pallid cheeks how long shall sorrow stain?
 Well I remember, O my soul! too well, 65
 When in the snare of fate I thoughtless fell:
 Languid and sick, she sought the distant shade,
 Where, led by love or destiny, I stray'd:
 There, from the nymphs retir'd, depress'd she lay,
 To unremitting pain a smiling prey: 70
 Ev'n then I saw her, as an angel, bright;
 I saw, I lov'd, I perish'd at the sight;
 I sigh'd, I blush'd, I gaz'd with fix'd surprise,
 And all my soul hung raptur'd in my eyes.

FOR-

FORBEAR, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain; 75
 Which heav'n bestows, and art refines, in vain:
 What tho' the heav'n-born muse my temples shade
 With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade?
 What tho' the Sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,
 Attend my flocks, and patronize my strain? 80
 On me my stars, not gifts, but ills bestow,
 And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

BUT see yon rock projected o'er the main,
 Whose giddy prospect turns the gazer's brain:
 Object is lost beneath its vast profound, 85
 And deep and hoarse below the surges found:
 Oft, while th' unthinking world is lost in sleep,
 My fable genius tempts me to the sleep;
 In fancy's view bids endless horrors move,
 A barren fortune, and a hopeless love, 90
 Life has no charms for me; why longer stay?
 I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.
 What! fall the victim of a mean despair,
 And crown the triumph of the cruel fair?
 No, let me once some conscious merit show, 95
 And tell the world, I can survive my woe.

FORBEAR, my muse! the soft *Sicilian* strain:
 Fool! wretched fool! what frenzy fires thy brain?
 See, choak'd with weeds, thy languid flow'rs recline,
 Thy sheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine. 100
 At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,
 Or weave the basket, or the fold secure.

WHAT

WHAT tho' her cheeks a living blush display,
 Pure as the dawn of heav'n's unclouded day ;
 Tho' love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings, 105
 And all the muses warble, when she sings ?
 Forbear, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;
 Some nymph, as fair, a sprightlier note may gain :
 There are who know to prize more genuine charms,
 Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms : 110
 Forbear, my muse ! the soft *Sicilian* strain ;
 Some nymph, as fair, may smile, tho' she disdain.

The PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

Eheu ! quid volui misero mihi ? floribus austrum
 Perditus, et liquidis immisi fortibus apros.

VIRG.

COLIN, whose lays the shepherds all admire,
 For PHOEBE long consum'd with hopeless fire ;
 Nor durst his tongue the hidden smart convey,
 Nor tears the torment of his soul betray :
 But to the wildness of the woods he flies, 5
 And vents his grief in unregarded sighs :
 Ye conscious woods, who still the sound retain,
 Repeat the tuneful sorrows of the swain.

L

And

" AND must I perish then, ah cruel maid !
 To early fate, by love of thee, betray'd ? 10
 And can no tender art thy soul subdue,
 Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view ?
 The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,
 Robb'd of its charming dyes, and sweet perfume ;
 The tender lamb that prematurely pines, 15
 And life's untasted joys at once resigns ;
 For these thy tears in copious tributes flow,
 For these thy bosom heaves with tender woe ?
 And canst thou then with tears their fate survey,
 While, blasted by thy coldness, I decay ? 20

AND now the swains each to their cots are fled,
 And not a warble echoes thro' the mead ;
 Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,
 Scorch'd with the summer noon's relentless heat :
 From summer's heat the shades a refuge prove ; 25
 But what can shield my heart from fiercer love ?
 All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,
 For all our other ills a balm to yield ;
 But love, the sharpest pang the soul sustains,
 Still cruel love incurable remains. 30

YET, dear destroyer ! yet my suff'rings hear :
 By love's kind look, and pity's sacred tear,
 By the strong griefs that in my bosom roll,
 By all the native goodness of thy soul,
 Regard my bloom declining to the grave, 35
 And, like eternal Mercy, smile and save.

WHAT

WHAT tho' no founding names my race adorn,
 Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born;
 With fairest flow'rs the humble vales are spread,
 While endless tempests beat the mountain's head. 40
 What tho' by fate no riches are my share;
 Riches are parents of eternal care;
 While, in the lowly hut and silent grove,
 Content plays smiling with her sister love.
 What tho' no native charms my person grace, 45
 Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face;
 The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,
 While flos and brambles yield a safe repast.

AH! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitless strain;
 Thy hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain. 50
 Say, can thy song appease the stormy deep,
 Or lull th' impetuous hurricane asleep?
 Thy numbers then her steadfast soul may move,
 And change the purpose of determin'd love.

DIE, COLIN, die, nor groan with grief oppress; 55
 Another image triumphs in her breast;
 Another soon shall call the fair his own,
 And heav'n and fate seem pleas'd their vows to crown.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn arise;
 For thee thy PHOEBE looks with longing eyes; 60
 For thee the shepherds, a delighted throng,
 Wake the soft reed, and hymeneal song;

For thee the hasty virgins rob the spring,
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.

ARISE, MENALCAS, with the dawn arise; 65
Ev'n time for thee with double swiftness flies:
Hours urging hours, with all their speed retire,
To give thy soul whate'er it can desire.

YET, when the priest prepares the rites divine,
And when her trembling hand is clasp'd in thine, 70
Let not thy heart too soon indulge its joys;
But think on him whom thy delight destroys!
Thee too he lov'd; to thee his simple heart,
With easy faith and fondness breath'd its smart:
So fools their flocks to sanguine wolves resign, 75
So trust the cunning fox to prune the vine.
Think thou behold'ft him from some gaping wound
Effuse his soul, and stain with blood the ground:
Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,
His friends with shrieking sorrow pierce thine ear: 80
Or, to some torrent's headlong rage a prey,
Think thou behold'ft him floating to the sea.

BUT now the sun declines his radiant head,
And rising hills project a length'ning shade:
Again to browse the green the flocks return, 85
Again the swains to sport, and I to mourn:
I homeward too must bend my painful way,
Lest old DAMOETAS sternly chide my stay.

D E S I-

DESIDERIUM LUTETIAE;

From BUCHANAN,

An ALLEGORICAL PASTORAL,

In which he regrets his Absence from Paris,

IMITATED.

WHILE far remote, thy fwain, dear CHLOE! sighs,
 Depriv'd the vital sunshine of thine eyes;
 Seven summer heats already warm the plains;
 In storms and snow the sev'nth bleak winter reigns:
 Yet not seven years revolving sad and slow, 5
 Nor summer's heats, nor winter's storms and snow,
 Can to my soul the smallest ease procure,
 Or free from Love and Care one tedious hour:

THEE, when from heav'n descend the dews of morn;
 To crop the verdant mead when flocks return; 10
 Thee, when the sun has compass'd half his way,
 And darts around unsufferable day;
 Thee, when the ev'ning, o'er the world display'd,
 From rising hills projects a length'ning shade;
 Thee still I sing, unwearied of my theme, 15
 Source of my song, and object of my flame!

Ev'n

Ev'n night, in whose dark bosom nature laid,
Appears one blank, one undistinguish'd shade,
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrors, tries
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes.

20

WHEN short-liv'd slumbers, long invoc'd, descend,
To sooth each care, and ev'ry sense suspend,
Full to my sight once more thy charms appear ;
Once more my ardent vows salute thine ear ;
Once more my anxious soul, awake to bliss,
Feels, hears, detains thee in her close embrace :
In flutt'ring, thrilling, glowing transport tost,
Till sense itself in keen delight is lost.

25

FROM sleep I wake ; but, oh ! how chang'd the scene !
The charms illusive, and the pleasure vain !
The day returns ; but ah ! returning day,
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,
On these sad eyes its glory darts in vain ;
Its light restor'd, restores my soul to pain.

30

THE house I fly, impell'd by wild despair,
As if my griefs could only find me there.
Lost to the world, thro' lonely fields I rove ;
Vain wish ! to fly from destiny and love !
By wayward frenzy's restless impulse led,
Thro' devious wilds, with heedless course, I tread :
The cave remote, the dusky wood explore,
Where human step was ne'er impress'd before :
And, with the native accents of despair,
Fatigue the conscious rocks, and desert air.

35

40

Kind

Kind Echo, faithful to my plaints alone, 45
 Sighs all my sighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.
 The streams, familiar to the voice of woe,
 Each mournful found remurmur as they flow.

OFT on some rock distracted I complain,
 Which hangs projected o'er the ruffled main: 50
 Oft view the azure furies as they roll,
 And to deaf storms effuse my frantic soul.
 "Attend my sorrows, O caerulean tide!
 "Ye blue-ey'd nymphs that thro' the billows glide,
 "Oh! waft me gently o'er your rough domain; 55
 "Let me at length my darling coast attain:
 "Or, if my wishes thus too much implore,
 "Shipwreck'd and gasping let me reach the shore.
 "While wash'd along the floods I hold my way,
 "To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey, 60
 "Dear hope and love shall bear my struggling frame,
 "And unextinguish'd keep the vital flame."

OFT to the hast'ning zephyrs have I said:
 & You, happy gales! shall fan my lovely maid.
 "So may no pointed rocks your wings deform; 65
 "So may your speedy journey meet no storm.
 "As soft you whisper round my heav'nly fair,
 "Play on her breast, or wanton with her hair;
 "Faithful to love, the tender message bear,
 "And breathe my endless sorrows in her ear." 70

How oft rough *Eurus* have I ask'd in vain!
 As with swift wings he brush'd the foamy main:

"Blest wind! who late my distant charmer view'd,
 "Say, has her soul no other wish pursu'd!
 "With mutual fire, say, does her bosom glow;
 "Feels she my wound, and pities she my woe?" 7

HEEDLESS of all my tears, and all I say,
 The winds, with blust'ring fury, wing their way.
 A freezing horror, and a chilling pain,
 Shoots thro' my heart, and stagnates ev'ry vein. 80
 No rural pleasures yield my soul relief;
 No melting shepherd's pipe consoles my grief:
 The choral nymphs, that dancing cheer the plain,
 And Fauns, tho' sweet their song, yet sing in vain.
 Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind 85
 Can only room for love and anguish find:
 By these my soul and all its wishes caught,
 Can to no other object yield a thought.

LYCISCA, skilful with her lyre to move
 Each tender wish, and melt the soul to love: 90
 MELAENIS too, with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,
 By nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound:
 With emulation both my love pursue,
 And both, with winning arts, my passion woo.
 The freshest bloom of youth their cheeks display; 95
 Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keenest ray;
 Av'rice itself might count their fleecy store,
 (A prize beyond its wish!) and pant no more.

ME oft their dow'rs each gen'rous fire has told,
 An hundred playful younglings from the fold,
 Each with its dam ; their mothers promise more,
 And oft, and long, with secret gifts, implore.
 Me nor an hundred playful younglings move,
 Each with its dam ; nor wealth can bribe my love ;
 Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers show ;
 Nor all the secret gifts they would bestow ;
 Nor all the tender things the nymphs can fay ;
 Nor all the soft desires the nymphs betray.

As winter to the spring in beauty yields,
 Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields ;
 As the fair virgin's cheek, with rosy dye
 Blushing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,
 Beyond her mother's faded form appears,
 Mark'd with the wrinkles and the snow of years ;
 As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing Thames
 Flow each the envy of their country's streams :
 So, loveliest of her sex, my heav'nly maid
 Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.

MELAENIS, whom love's soft enchantments arm,
 Replete with charms, and conscious of each charm,
 Oft on the glassy stream, with raptur'd eyes,
 Surveys her form in mimic sweetness's rise ;
 Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,
 Adjusts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace :
 Oft thus she tries, with all her tuneful art,
 To reach the soft accessess of my heart.

" Unhappy fwain, whose wishes fondly stray,
 " To flow-consuming fruitless fires a prey !
 " Say, will those sighs and tears for ever flow
 " In hopeless torment, and determin'd woe ? 130
 " Our fields, by nature's bounty blest, as thine,
 " The mellow apple yield, and purple vine ;
 " Those too thou lov'st ; their free enjoyment share,
 " Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap despair."

ME oft Lycisca, in the festive train, 135
 Views as she lightly bounds along the plain :
 Straight, with dissembled scorn, away she flies ;
 Yet still on me obliquely turns her eyes :
 While, to the music of her trembling strings,
 Amidst the dance sweet warbling, thus she sings : 140
 " No tears the just revenge of heav'n can move ;
 " Heav'n's just revenge will punish slighted love.
 " I've seen a huntsman, active as the morn,
 " Salute her earliest blush with sounding horn ;
 " Pursue the bounding stag with op'ning cries, 145
 " And flight the timid hare, his easy prize :
 " Then, with the setting sun, his hounds restrain ;
 " Nor bounding stag, nor timid hare obtain.
 " I've seen the sportsman latent nets display,
 " To catch the feather'd warblers of the spray ; 150
 " Despise the finch that flutter'd round in air,
 " And court the sweeter linnet to his snare :
 " Yet weary, cold, successful, leave the plain ;
 " Nor painted finch, nor sweeter linnet, gain.

" I've

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

91

“ I’ve seen a youth the polish’d pipe admire,
 “ And scorn the simple reed the swains inspire :
 “ The simple reed yet cheers each tuneful swain ;
 “ While still unblest the scorner pines in vain.
 “ Thus righteous heav’n chastises wanton pride,
 “ And bids intemp’rate insolence subside.”

160

Thus breathe the am’rous nymphs their fruitless pain,
 In ears impervious to the softest strain.
 But first with trembling lambs the wolf shall graze ;
 First hawks with linnets join in social lays ;
 First shall the tiger’s sanguine thirst expire,
 And tim’rous fawns the lion fierce admire ;
 Ere, with her lute *Lycisca* taught to charm,
 This destin’d heart ere soft MELAENIS warm.
 First shall the finny nation leave the flood,
 Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood ;
 The winds shall cease to breathe, the streams to flow ;
 Ere my desires another object know.
 This infant bosom, yet in love untaught,
 From CHLOE first the pleasing ardour caught :
 CHLOE shall still its faithful empire claim,
 Its first ambition, and its latest aim !
 Till ev’ry wish and ev’ry hope be o’er,
 And life and love inspire my frame no more.

165

170

175

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

"I've seen a youth the poplar's pipe admire,
"And learn the simple reed the swine inspire;
"The simple reed yet cheers each tuneful strain;
"While still amidst the feathered fowls in vain
"Thus righteous heav'n charities wanton pride;
"And bids intemperate insolence abide."

Thus breathe the airy nymphs their fragrant train,
In ears impervious to the softest strain.
But first with trembling limbs the wolf shall graze;
First hawks with hinnets join in social lays;
First shall the tiger's languishing thirst expire,
And tigers fawn the lion's fierce admirer;
Ere, with her late voice taught to charm,
This destin'd bear ere lost Malabar's warm
First shall the stony nation leave the flood,
Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood;
The winds shall cease to breathe, the streams to flow,
Ere my desires another object know.
This instant bosom, yet in love untaught,
From Chaos first the pleasing ardour caught;
Chaos shall still its faithful empire claim,
Its first ambition, and its latest aim!
Till ev'ry wish and ev'ry hope be o'er,
And life and love inspire my flame no more.

PHILANTHES:

A

MONODY.

Inscribed to Miss D—Y H—Y;

Occasioned by a series of interesting Events which happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12, 1752, particularly that of her Father's death.

Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus MËLPOMENE, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.

HORAT.

A R G U M E N T.

The subject proposed.—Address to Miss H——Y.—General reflections inspired by the subject, and previous to it.—The scene opens with a prospect of Mrs. M——N's funeral solemnity: and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful youth, son to Mr J——S H——LL, whose early genius, quick progress in learning, and gentle dispositions, inspired his friends with the highest expectations of his riper attainments.—Transition to the death of Dr. J——S H——Y Physician: his character as such: the general sorrow occasioned by his fate: his character as a friend, as particularly qualified to soothe distress; as a gentleman; as an husband; as a father: his loss considered in all these relations, particularly as sustained by Miss H——Y: her tender care of him during his sickness described.—The piece concludes with an apotheosis, in imitation of VIRGIL'S DAPHNIS.

A SWAIN, whose foul the tuneful nine inflame,
 As to his western goal the sun declin'd,
 Sung to the list'ning shades no common theme;
 While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
 And deep resounding surge in concert join'd.
 Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,
 While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung.

5

NOR

NOR thou, fair victim of so just a woe!
 Tho' still the pangs of nature swell thy heart,
 Disdain the faithful muse; whose numbers flow 10
 Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:
 For in thy griefs the muses claim a part;
 'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn,
 And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal urn.

The swain began, while conscious echoes round 15
 Protract to sadder length his doleful lay.
 Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound:
 Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:
 O'er all the mournful plain
 Let night and sorrow reign: 20
 For * PAN indignant from his fields retires,
 Once haunts of gay delight;
 Now every sense they fright,
 Refound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with fun'ral fires.

II.

WHAT tho' the radiant sun and clement sky 25
 Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below;
 Tho' spring presages to the careful eye,
 That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?
 For us in vain her choicest blessings flow:
 To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain 30
 Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden grain.

* God of ARCADIA, who peculiarly presides over rural life.

WHAT summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,
 From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?
 What fun in death's dark regions wake the morn,
 Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? 35
 Ah wretched man: whose breast scarce learns to heave
 With kindling life; when, ere thy bud is blown,
 Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

THOU all-enlivening flame, intensely bright!
 Whose sacred beams illumine each wand'ring sphere, 40
 That thro' high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
 Conducting round this globe the varied year;
 As thou pursu'st thy way,
 Let this revolving day,
 Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll flow along; 45
 In fable pomp array'd,
 Let night diffuse her shade,
 Nor sport the cheerless hind, nor chant the vocal throng.

III.

SCARCE, from the ardor of the mid-day gleam,
 Had languid nature in the cool respir'd; 50
 Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,
 Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;
 Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd;
 Had ev'ning gales the sportive wing essay'd,
 When founts of hopeless woe the silent scene invade. 55

SOPHRONIA, long for ev'ry virtue dear
 That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
 Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,
 In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.
 Ah me! in vain to heav'n and earth complain'd 60
 With tender cries her num'rous orphan train;
 The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.

For her, was grief on ev'ry face impress'd;
 For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:
 An husband late with all her virtues blest'd, 65
 And weeping race in sad ideas rise:
 For her depress'd and pale,
 Your charms, ye Graces, veil.
 Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
 Ye virtues all deplore 70
 Your image, now no more,
 And * HYMEN quench thy torch in tears and endless night.

IV.

NOR yet these dismal prospects disappear,
 When o'er the weeping plain new horrors rise,
 And louder accents pierce each frighted ear, 75
 Accents of grief imbitter'd by surprise!
 Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
 To snatch ADONIS wash'd along the stream,
 And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

* God of marriage.

RANG'D on the brink the weeping matrons stand, 80
 The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,
 While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
 Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.
 By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,
 In fruitless efforts to regain the shore : 85
 They view'd and mourn'd his fate : O heaven ! they could no
 more.

Ye * NAIADS, guardians of the fatal flood,
 Was beauty, sweetness, youth, no more your care ?
 For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,
 Pow'rful to charm, if fate could learn to spare. 90
 Stretch'd on cold earth he lies ;
 While, in his closing eyes,
 No more the heav'n-illumin'd lustre shines ;
 His cheek, once nature's pride,
 With blooming roses dy'd, 95
 To unrelenting fate its op'ning blush resigns.

V.

DEAR hapless youth ! what felt thy mother's heart,
 When in her view thy lifeless form was laid ?
 Such anguish when the soul and body part,
 Such agonizing pangs the frame invade. 100
 Was there no hand, she cry'd, my child to aid ?
 Could heav'n and earth unmov'd his fall survey,
 Nor from th' insatiate waves redeem their lovely prey ?

* River goddesses.

DID I for this my tend'rest cares employ,
To nourish and improve thy early bloom? 105

Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,
Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?

No more shall life those faded charms relume,
Dear rip'ning sweetness! sunk no more to rise!
Thou nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal eyes. 110

FORTUNE and life, your gifts how insecure!
How fair you promise! but how ill perform!
Like tender fruit, they perish premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or overwhelm'd beneath the storm.

For thee a fate more kind, 115
Thy mother's hopes assign'd,

Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd:
But late thou fled'st my sight,

Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus restor'd? 120

VI.

SEVERE these ills; yet heavier still impend,
That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul:
As, ere the long-collected storm descend,
Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole;
Portentous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll: 125

While from the subject field the trembling hind
Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For scarce the bitter sigh and deep'ning groan
 In fainter cadence died away in air,
 When, lo! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown, 130
 Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair:
 As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,
 Swift from th' adjacent field MENALCAS flies,
 While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew his eyes.

WEEP on, he cry'd, let tears no measure know; 135
 Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way:
 Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
 No more with summer's pride, ye meads be gay:
 Ah! why, with sweetness crown'd,
 Should summer smile around? 140
 PHILANTHES now is number'd with the dead:
 Young health, all drown'd in tears,
 A livid paleness wears;
 Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.

VII.

HIM bright † HYGEIA, in life's early dawn, 145
 Thro' nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,
 Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
 Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
 There summer's treasures to his view display'd,
 What herbs and flow'rs salubrious juice bestow, 150
 Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

† Daughter of ÆSCULAPIUS, and goddess of health.

THE paralytic nerve his art confess'd,
 Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale :
 Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,
 And bade the fever's rage no more prevail. 155
 Unhappy art ! decreed at last to fail,
 Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,
 Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hour ?

YOUR griefs, O love and friendship, how severe !
 When high to heav'n his soul pursu'd her flight ; 160
 Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,
 Still the sad vision swims before my sight.
 O'er all the mournful scene,
 Inconsolable pain,
 In ev'ry various form, appear'd express'd : 165
 The tear-distilling eye,
 The long, deep, broken sigh,
 Dissolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in ev'ry breast.

VIII.

SUCH were their woes, and oh ! how just, how due !
 What tears could equal such immense distress ? 170
 Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,
 And years the sense of what we lose increase.
 From whom shall now the wretched hope redress ?
 Religion where a nobler subject find,
 So favour'd of the skies, so dear to human kind ? 175

FAIR friendship, smiling on his natal hour,
 The babe selected in her sacred train;
 She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,
 And in his bosom fix'd her fav'rite fane,
 In glory thence how long, yet how serene, 180
 Her vital influence spreads its chearing rays!
 Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,
 Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow;
 As grateful to the herb, descending rain, 185
 That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow:
 So, when his voice was heard,
 Affliction disappear'd;
 Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound;
 Grief with its sweetness sooth'd, 190
 Each cloudy feature smooth'd,
 And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

IX.

SUCH elegance of taste, such graceful ease,
 Infus'd by heav'n, thro' all his manners shone;
 In him it seem'd to join what'er could please, 195
 And plan the full perfection from its own:
 He other fields and other swains had known,
 Gentle as those of old by *PHOEBUS taught,
 When polish'd with his lute, like him they spoke and thought.

* He was said to polish the swains, when, in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he slew the CYCLOPS, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of ADMETUS.

Thus form'd alike to blefs, and to be blefs'd, 200
 Such heav'nly graces kindred graces found;
 Her gentle turn the fame, the fame her taſte,
 With equal worth, and equal candour crown'd;
 Long may ſhe ſearch creation's ample round,
 The joys of ſuch a frienſhip to explore; 205
 But, once in him expir'd, to joy ſhe lives no more.

As nature to her works ſupremely kind,
 His tender ſoul with all the parent glow'd,
 On all his race, his goodneſs unconfin'd,
 One full exhauſtleſs ſtream of fondneſs flow'd; 210
 Pleas'd as each genius roſe
 New proſpects to diſcloſe,
 To form the mind, and raiſe its gen'rous aim;
 His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,
 At once inspir'd and charm'd; 215
 His looks, his words, his ſmiles transfus'd the ſacred flame.

X.

SAY ye, whoſe minds for long revolving years
 The joys of ſweet ſociety have known,
 Whoſe mutual fondneſs ev'ry hour endears,
 Whoſe pains, whoſe pleaſures, and whoſe ſouls are one; 220
 O! ſay, for you can judge, and you alone,
 What anguiſh pierc'd his widow'd conſort's heart,
 When from her dearer ſelf for ever doom'd to part.

His children to the scene of death repair,
 While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes ; 225
 His smiles indulgent, his paternal care,
 In sadly-pleasing recollection rise :
 But young DORINDA, with distinguish'd sighs,
 Effusing all her soul in soft regret,
 Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a father's fate. 230

WHETHER the day its wonted course renew'd,
 Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,
 Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,
 To soothe his anguish, or his wants to aid ;
 To soften ev'ry pain,
 The meaning look explain, 235
 And scan the forming wish 'ere yet express'd :
 The dying father smil'd
 With fondness on his child,
 And, when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness bless'd. 240

XI.

At length, fair mourner ! cease thy rising woe :
 Its object still surviving seeks the skies,
 Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,
 And ampler scenes with height'ning charms surprise :
 There perfect life thy much lov'd fire enjoys, 245
 The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
 Where in immortal breasts immortal transports reign.

YE mourning fwains, your loud complaints forbear ;
 Still he, the Genius of our green retreat,
 Shall with benignant care our labours chear, 250
 And banish far each flock of adverse fate ;
 Mild suns and gentle show'rs on spring shall wait,
 His hand with ev'ry fruit shall autumn store :
 In heav'n your patron reigns, ye shepherds weep no more.

HENCEFORTH his pow'r shall with your * LARES join, 255
 To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile ;
 To bid disease and languor cease to pine,
 And fair abundance crown each rural toil :
 While birds their lays resume,
 And spring her annual bloom, 260
 Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn ;
 To him, each rising day
 Devout libations pay :
 In heav'n your patron reigns, no more, ye shepherds, mourn.

* Domestic gods.

O

The

The WISH: AN ELEGY.

To URANIA.

Fêlices ter, et amplius,

Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis,

Divulfus querimoniis

Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Hor.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,
 The wealth of earth and ocean to secure ;
 Then, with fond hopes, cares the precious bane ;
 In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
 Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread ;
 While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
 The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadful poverty retir'd,
 The real joys of life, unenvied, share :
 Favour'd by love, and by the muse inspir'd,
 I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

5

10

On

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with fmoak, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand ; 15
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear ;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near : 20

Far hence, kind heav'n ! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy ;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song ! 25
To you devoted shall my fields remain ;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade ;
For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air ; 30
For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all that nature yields of sweet or fair.

But, O ! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah ! grant my heart's supreme desire, 35
And teach my dear URANIA to be kind.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day ;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll ;
For her, cold horrors melt my pow'rs away,
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

40

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire ;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes ;
In vain for me the muses string the lyre.

O ! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine ;
For heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

45

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How sweet with her thro' lonely fields to stray !
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

50

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom ;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows ;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume ;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

55

With her, the shades of night their horrors lose,
Its deepest silence charms if she be by ;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

60

How

How sweet, with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
 To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd ?
 Kind nature's laws with sacred ASHLEY trace,
 And view the fairest features of the mind !

Or borne on MILTON's flight, as heav'n sublime,
 View its full blaze in open prospect glow ;
 Bless the first pair in *Eden's* happy clime,
 Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

65

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,
 No arts the languid lamp of life restore ;
 Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
 Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more :

70

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
 Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight ;
 Then soar where only greater joys attend,
 And bear her image to eternal light.

75

Fond man, ah ! whither would thy fancy rove ?
 'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart ;
 'Tis thine, alas ! eternal scorn to prove,
 Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

80

But, if my fair this cruel law impose,
 Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign ;
 To walk beneath the burden of my woes,
 Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere, 85
 To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
 Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
 And with the weeping thron'd her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
 And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free: 90
 Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
 The joys of heav'n would be no joys to me.

On the Death of Mr. POPE.

An ELEGY.

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung;
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue;
 Ev'n he, whose soul, now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.

POPE's Unfortunate Lady.

WHILE yet I scarce awake from dumb surprize,
 And tepid streams profusely bathe my eyes;
 While soul-dissolving sighs my bosom strain,
 And all my being sinks oppress'd with pain;
 Deign you, whose souls, like mine, are form'd to know 5
 The nice poetic sense of bliss and woe;

To

To these sad accents deign a pitying ear:
Strong be our sorrow, as the cause severe.

O POPE, what tears thy obsequies attend!
Britain a bard deplores, mankind a friend: 10
For thee, their darling, weep th' *Aonian* choir,
Mute the soft voice, unstrung the tuneful lyre:
For thee, the virtuous and the sage shall mourn,
And virgin sorrows bathe thy sacred urn:
One veil of grief o'er heav'n and earth be thrown, 15
And vice and envy flaunt in smiles alone.
Erewhile depress'd in abject dust they lay,
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day;
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd fight,
Plac'd truth and virtue cloath'd with heav'nly light: 20
Now pleas'd, to open sunshine they return,
And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.

Alas! far other thoughts my soul inspire;
Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:
Thee, tho' the muses blest'd with all their art, 25
And pour'd their sacred raptures on thy heart;
Tho' thy lov'd virtue, with a mother's pain,
Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain?
Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains;
Death seals thy sight, and freezes in thy veins: 30
"Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world before,
"And that heav'n-prompted tongue shall charm no more."

WHOM

WHOM next shall heav'n to share thy honours chuse;
 Whom consecrate to virtue and the muse?
 The muse, by fate's eternal plan design'd 35
 To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;
 To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow;
 To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe;
 To shake with horror, rack with tender smart,
 And touch the finest springs that move the heart. 40

* CURST he! who, without extasy sincere,
 The poet's soul effus'd in song can hear:
 His aid in vain shall indigence require;
 Unmov'd he views his dearest friends expire:
 Nature and nature's God that wretch detest; 45
 Unfought his friendship, and his days unblest:
 Hell's mazy frauds deep in his bosom roll,
 And all her gloom hangs heavy on his soul.

As when the sun begins his eastern way,
 To bless the nations with returning day, 50
 Crown'd with unfading splendor, on he flies;
 Reveals the world, and kindles all the skies:
 The prostrate East the radiant God adore;
 So, POPE, we view'd thee, but must view no more.

* What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickness of moral feeling: he, therefore, who cannot feel poetry, must either have his affections and internal senses depraved by vice, or be naturally insensible of the pleasures resulting from the exercise of them. But this natural insensibility is almost never so great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impression of well-painted passion, or natural images connected with it.

Thee

Thee angels late beheld, with mute surprize, 55
 Glow with their themes, and to their accents rise ;
 They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,
 To trace the mazes of th' eternal scheme :
 But heav'n those scenes to human view denies,
 Those scenes impervious to celestial eyes : 60
 Whoe'er attempts the path, shall lose his way,
 And, wrapt in night, thro' endless error stray,

In thee what talent shall we most admire ;
 The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire ?
 Alike, in both, to glory is thy claim ; 65
 Thine ARISTOTLE's taste, and HOMER's flame.

ARM'D with impartial satire, when thy muse
 Triumphant vice with all her rage pursues ;
 To hell's dread gloom the monster scours away,
 Far from the haunts of men, and scenes of day : 70
 There, curst and cursing, rack'd with raging woe,
 Shakes with incessant howls the realms below.
 But soon, too soon, the fiend to light shall rise ;
 Her steps the earth scarce bound, her head the skies ;
 Till his red terrors JOVE again display, 75
 Assert his laws, and vindicate his sway.

WHEN OVID's song bewails the *Lesbian* Fair,
 Her slighted passion, and intense despair ;
 By thee improv'd, in each soul-moving line,
 Not OVID's wit, but SAPPHO's sorrows shine. 80

When ELOISA mourns her hapless fate,
What heart can cease with all her pangs to beat !

WHILE pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,
Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breast ;
The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair,
Shall dread the satire of thy *ravish'd hair*.

Nor the * *Sicilian* breath'd a sweeter song,
While ARETHUSA, charm'd and lift'ning, hung ;
For whom each muse, from her dear seat retir'd,
His flocks protect'd, and himself inspir'd :
Nor he † who sung, while sorrow fill'd the plain,
How CYTHEREA mourn'd ADONIS slain ;
Nor ‡ TITYRUS, who, in immortal lays,
Taught *Mantua's* echoes GALATEA's praise.
No more let *Mantua* boast unrival'd fame ;
Thy *Windfor* now shall equal honours claim :
Eternal fragrance shall each breeze perfume,
And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.

YE tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From fair *Ladona's* banks, and *Windfor's* shades,
Whose souls in transport melted at his song,
Soft as *you* sighs, and as your wishes strong ;
O come ! your copious annual tributes bring,
The full luxuriance of the rifled spring ;

* THEOCRITUS.

† BION.

‡ VIRGIL.

Strip

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

115

Strip various nature of each fairest flow'r,
 And on his tomb the gay profusion show'r.
 Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow,
 The violets languish, and the roses glow;
 In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
 Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
 Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
 And tulips ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes.

105

110

Who shall succeed thy worth, O darling swain!
 Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy strain?
 Each painted warbler of the vocal grove
 Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love:
 Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,
 And solemn moans responsive rocks return;
 Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful sound,
 And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.

115

120

When first CALLIOPE thy fall survey'd,
 Immortal tears her eyes profusely shed;
 Her pow'rless hand the tuneful harp resign'd;
 The conscious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring, join'd;
 Her voice in trembling cadence dy'd away,
 And, lost in anguish, all the goddess lay.
 Such pangs she felt, when, from the realms of light,
 The fates, in HOMER, ravish'd her delight:
 To thee her sacred hand consign'd his lyre,
 And in thy bosom kindled all his fire:
 Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours dress'd,
 Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breast.

125

130

WHEN horrid war informs the sacred page,
 And men and gods with mutual wrath engage,
 The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful sound, 135
 And groans and clamours shake the mountains round;
 The nations rock, earth's solid bases groan,
 And quake heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.

WHEN EOLUS dilates the lawless wind,
 O'er nature's face to revel unconfin'd, 140
 Bend heav'n's blue concave, sweep the fruitful plain,
 Tear up the forest, and intrude the main;
 In horrid native pomp the tempests shine,
 Ferment, and roar, and aëstuate in each line.

WHEN SISYPHUS, with many a weary groan, 145
 Rolls up the hill the still-revolving stone;
 The loaded line, like it, seems to recoil,
 Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full toil:
 But, when resulting rapid from its height,
 Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight. 150

As when creative Energy, employ'd,
 With various beings fill'd the boundless void;
 With deep survey th' omniscient Parent view'd
 The mighty fabric, and confess'd it good;
 He view'd, exulting with immense delight, 155
 The lovely transcript, as th' idea, bright:
 So swell'd the * bard with ecstasy divine,
 When full and finish'd rose his bright design;

* HOMER.

So,

So, from the Elyfian bow'rs, he joy'd to fee
 All his immortal felf reviv'd in thee. 160
 While fame enjoys thy confecrated fane,
 Firft of th' inspir'd, with him for ever reign;
 With his, each diftant age fhall rank thy name,
 And ev'n reluctant envy hifs acclaim.

BUT, ah! blind fate will no diftinction know; 165
 Swift down the torrent all alike muft flow:
 Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;
 All, all muft tread th' irremeable way.

No more fond wifhes in my breaft fhall roll,
 Diftend my heart, and kindle all my foul, 170
 To breathe my honeft raptures in thy ear,
 And feel thy kindnefs in returns fincere;
 Thy art, I hop'd, fhould teach the mufe to fing,
 Direft her flight, and prune her infant wing;
 Now, mufe, be dumb; or let thy fong deplore 175
 Thy pleafures blafed, and thy hopes no more.

TREMENDOUS pow'rs! who rule th' eternal ftate,
 Whofe voice is thunder, and whofe nod is fate;
 Did I for empire, fecond to your own,
 Cling round the fhrine, and importune the throne? 180
 Pray'd I, that fame fhould bear my name on high,
 Thro' nation'd earth, or all-involving fky?
 Woo'd I for me the fun to toil and fhine,
 The gem to brighten, or mature the mine?

Tho'

Tho' deep involv'd in adamantine night, 185
 Ask'd I again to view heav'n's chearful light?
 POPE's love I fought; that only boon deny'd,
 O life! what pleasure canst thou boast beside,
 Worth my regard, or equal to my pride? }

THUS mourns a tim'rous muse, unknown to fame, 190
 Thus sheds her sweetest incense on thy name;
 Whilst on her lips imperfect accents die,
 Tear following tear, and sigh succeeding sigh:
 She mourns, nor she alone, with fond regret,
 A world, a feeling world, must weep thy fate. 195

WHERE polish'd arts and sacred science reign,
 Where-e'er the Nine their tuneful presence deign;
 There shall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,
 Command immortal monuments of praise:
 From clime to clime the circling sun shall view 200
 Its rival splendour still his own pursue.
 While the swift torrent from its source descends;
 While round this globe heav'n's ample concave bends;
 Whilst all its living lamps their course maintain,
 And lead the beauteous year's revolving train; 205
 So long shall men thy heav'nly song admire,
 And nature's charms and thine at once expire.

ELEGY:

E L E G Y:

To the Memory of

C O N S T A N T I A*.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. _____

VIRG.

BY the pale glimmer of the conscious moon,
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,
Its moving plaint effuses: like the song
Of PHILOMEL, when thro' the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconsoleable grief,
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;
And nature with religious silence hears?
'Tis she; my wand'ring senses recognize
The well-known charm, and all my list'ning soul
Is expectation. Oh! 'tis that dear voice,
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.

5

10

15

TELL me, thou heav'nly excellence! whose form
Still rises to my view, whose melting song

* An accomplished but unfortunate young lady, of the city of Edinburgh, having, without the consent of her father, married a gentleman, who carried her to the West Indies, she was there cruelly forsaken by him, and lost her life by a mistaken medicine.

For

For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
 Delightful ev'n in misery ; O say !
 What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky
 Receives thy suff'ring virtue from the storm,
 That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage ?
 Early, alas ! too early didst thou feel
 Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,
 The soft serenity of life how led
 An unsuspecting victim ! Ev'ry blast
 Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste
 Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way
 Unshelter'd and alone ; while to thy groans
 No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
 With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd
 Thy drooping sweetness, uninur'd to pain.
 That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd sense
 Of anguish, comfort's healing balm apply'd,
 To heav'n and earth extended, vainly now
 Implores the consolation once it gave,
 Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,
 The seat of mercy, which to each distress,
 Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear,
 A willing tribute, paid, now fruitless weeps,
 Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.

20

25

30

35

40

THOU loveliest sacrifice that ever fell
 To perfidy and unrelenting hate !
 How in the hour of confidence and hope,
 When love and expectation to thy heart

45

Spoke

Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view ;
 How fled the bright illusion, and at once
 Forfook thee plung'd in exquisite despair !
 Thy friends ; the insects of a summer-gale
 That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam 50
 Of gay prosperity, or from the flow'rs,
 That in her sunshine bloom, with ardor suck
 Sweetness unearn'd ; thy temporary friends,
 Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
 By ev'ry gross imposture, or supine, 55
 Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw
 Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.
 Thy wrongs ev'n nature's voice proclaim'd in vain ;
 Deaf to her tender importuning call,
 And all the father in his foul extinct, 60
 Thy parent fat ; while on thy guiltless head
 Each various torment, that imbitters life,
 Exhausted all their force : and, to insure
 Their execrable conquest, black and fell,
 Ev'n as her native region, Slander join'd ; 65
 And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish
 Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd
 Her pestilential vapour. Hence fair Truth,
 Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd
 Unheard the cause of Innocence ; the blush 70
 Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.

MEANWHILE from these retreats with hapless speed,
 By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wish impell'd,
 Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd ?
 Ah me ! from whom, and to what cursed arms 75

Wert

Q

Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock
 Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,
 With shrieks of horror, deprecate their fate?
 O earth! O righteous heav'n! could'st thou behold;
 While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,
 Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou see
 The violated vow, the marriage rite
 Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind
 Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn
 Of vice by long impunity confirm'd? 85

BUT thou, perfidious! tremble.—If on high
 The Hand of justice with impartial scale
 Each word, each action poises, and exacts
 Severe atonement from th' offending heart;
 Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless pangs,
 What deep damnation must thy soul endure
 On earth 'twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
 From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,
 Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd:
 'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
 Plagues that in hell no precedent can boast.
 Ev'n in the silent, safe domestic hour,
 Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,
 Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,
 In fancy's ears, shall, with a thousand tongues,
 Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes
 Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
 With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick
 Their forked tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
 With sanguine, fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense
 Glows

Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,
 The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
 Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
 To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss;
 Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy fight
 Anticipate th' impending wrath of heav'n.
 In sleep, kind pause of being! when the nerve
 Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
 Retires the fated vulture, when disease
 And disappointment quaff *lethean* draughts
 Of sweet oblivion; from his charge unblest,
 Shall speed thy better angel: to thy dreams
 Th' infernal gulph shall open, and disclose
 Its latent horrors. O'er the burning lake
 Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,
 The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,
 Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
 Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth
 Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,
 And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge
 Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,
 Amidst the boiling furies. Such their fate,
 Whose hearts, indocile, to the sacred lore
 Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far
 The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste
 Beatitude supreme in giving joy!
 Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,
 Ev'n while thy fond imagination plays
 Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
 Shall prematurely perish; or survive
 To feel their father's infamy, and curse

The tainted origin from which they sprung.
 For, Oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,
 When that fair form, where all the Graces liv'd,
 Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast, 140
 The sport of milder winds and seas was thrown,
 To glow or shiver in the keen extremes
 Of ev'ry various climate: when that cheek,
 Ting'd with the blush of heav'n's unfading rose,
 Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice, 145
 By angels tun'd to harmony and love,
 Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
 Utter'd the last extremity of woe.

FROM foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid
 Which friendship, love, humanity, at home, 150
 Deny'd her blasted worth. From foreign hands
 Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
 To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
 The tear, by nature, love and friendship due,
 Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in death, 155
 Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.
 Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
 Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the herse
 Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boasts the pride
 Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone, 160
 Protects or flatters its detested fame.
 Vain trappings of mortality! When these
 Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;
 Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,
 Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear; 165
 And

And God himself, to list'ning worlds, proclaim
 Thy injur'd tendernefs, thy faith unstain'd,
 Thy mildnefs long insulted, and thy worth
 Severely try'd, and found at last sincere.

BUT where, Oh! where shall art or nature find, 170
 For smarting sorrow's ever recent wound,
 Some blest restorative; whose pow'rful charm
 May footh thy friend's regret, within his breast
 Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,
 By sad reflexion prompted, cease to fall! 175
 These, still as moments, days and years revolve,
 A consecrated off'ring, shall attend
 Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:
 Till the pale night of destiny obscure
 Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense 180
 Feel death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

A SOLILOQUY:

Occasioned by the Author's escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the found of its feet upon the board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis

Cautum est in horas. _____

HORAT.

WHERE am I!—O Eternal Pow'r of heav'n!

Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,

Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear,

Prompt to redress th' unhappy? O my heart!

What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?

5

Will no kind hand, benevolent as heav'n,

Save me involv'd in peril and in night!

ERECT with horror stands my bristling hair;

My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes

My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,

10

No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,

Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.

For on the verge, the awful verge of fate

Scarce fix'd I stand; and one progressive step

Had plung'd me down, unfathomably deep,

15

To gulphs impervious to the chearful sun

And

And fragrant breeze ; to that abhorr'd abode,
 Where Silence and Oblivion, sisters drear !
 With cruel Death confed'rate empire hold,
 In desolation and primæval gloom. 20

HA ! what unmans me thus ? what, more than horror,
 Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,
 And chills my inmost soul ?—Be still, my heart !
 Nor flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burst
 The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd. 25
 Resume your functions, limbs ! restrain those knees
 From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul !
 Assert thy native dignity, and dare
 To brave this king of terrors ; to confront
 His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown, 30
 With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold.
 Reason, that beam of uncreated day,
 That ray of Deity, by God's own breath
 Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel
 Those fancy'd terrors : reason will instruct thee, 35
 That death is heav'n's kind interposing hand,
 To snatch thee timely from impending woe ;
 From aggregated misery, whose pangs
 Can find no other period but the grave.

FOR oh !—while others gaze on nature's face, 40
 The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams ;
 Or, with delight ineffable, survey
 The sun, bright image of his parent God ;
 The seasons, in majestic order, round

This

This vary'd globe revolving ; young-ey'd spring, 45
 Profuse of life and joy ; summer, adorn'd
 With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth ;
 Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
 To blefs the toiling hind ; and winter, grand
 With rapid storms, convulſing nature's frame : 50
 Whilſt others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
 Bright with unnumber'd worlds ; and, loſt in joy,
 Fair order and utility behold ;
 Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain purſue,
 Which, in one vaſt all-comprehending whole, 55
 Unites th' immenſe ſtupendous works of God,
 Conjoining part with part, and, thro' the frame,
 Diffuſing ſacred harmony and joy :
 To me thoſe fair viciffitudes are loſt,
 And grace and beauty blotted from my view. 60
 The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams,
 One horrid blank appear ; the young-ey'd ſpring,
 Effulgent ſummer, autumn deck'd in wealth
 To blefs the toiling hind, and winter grand
 With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me : 65
 Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
 Of heav'n, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.

O Beauty, Harmony ! ye ſiſter train
 Of Graces ; you, who, in th' admiring eye
 Of God your charms diſplay'd, ere yet, tranſcrib'd 70
 On nature's form, your heav'nly features ſhone :
 Why are you ſnatch'd for ever from my fight,
 Whilſt, in your ſtead, a boundleſs, waſte expanſe
 Of

Of undistinguish'd horror covers all?

Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes

75

Her inauspicious vapour; in whose shade,

Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,

In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep:

With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share

Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.

80

HENCE oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,

To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out

With idiot grin: the supercilious eye

Oft, from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,

On my obscurity diverts its gaze,

85

Exulting; and, with wanton pride elate,

Felicitates its own superior lot:

Inhuman triumph! Hence the piercing taunt

Of titled insolence inflicted deep.

Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame,

90

By conscious want inspir'd; th' unpitied pang

Of love and friendship slighted. Hence the tear

Of impotent compassion, when the voice

Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,

And rouses all its tenderness in vain.

95

All these, and more, on this devoted head,

Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.

NOR end my sorrows here. The sacred fane

Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,

With heart-consuming anguish I behold;

100

Knowledge, for which my soul infatiate burns

R

With

With ardent thirst. Nor can these useleſs hands,
 Untutor'd in each life-ſuſtaining art,
 Nouriſh this wretched being, and ſupply
 Frail nature's wants, that ſhort ceſſation know. 105

WHERE * now, ah! where is that ſupporting arm
 Which to my weak, unequal infant ſteps
 Its kind aſſiſtance lent? Ah! where that love,
 That ſtrong aſſiduous tenderneſs, which watch'd
 My wiſhes yet ſcarce form'd; and, to my view, 110
 Unimportun'd, like all-indulging heav'n,
 Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice
 Which, with inſtruction, ſoft as ſummer dews
 Or fleecy ſnows, deſcending on my ſoul,
 Diſtinguiſh'd ev'ry hour with new delight? 115
 Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the ſtorms,
 The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
 Untainted, unſubdu'd, the ſhock ſuſtain'd?
 So firm the oak which, in eternal night,
 As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n 120
 Its top majeſtic riſes: ſuch the ſmile
 Of ſome benignant angel, from the throne
 Of God diſpatch'd, ambaffador of peace;
 Who on his look impreſt his meſſage bears,
 And pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill, 125
 Alas! no wife thy parting kiſſes ſhar'd:

* The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whoſe unforeſeen fate had juſt before happened.

From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd
 Thy last, dear blessing and thy last advice.
 Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
 In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey
 For ev'ry storm, whose lawless fury roars
 Beneath the azure concave of the sky,
 To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.

130

DEJECTING prospect! soon the hapless hour
 May come; perhaps this moment it impends,
 Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
 Naked, and beat by all the storms of heav'n,
 Friendless and guideless to explore my way;
 Till on cold earth this poor, unshelter'd head
 Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
 Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.

135

140

ME miserable! wherefore, O my soul!
 Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd?
 One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,
 Had plac'd me safe in that profound recess,
 Where, undisturb'd, eternal quiet reigns,
 And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.
 Why, then, my coward soul! didst thou recoil?
 Why shun the final exit of thy woe?
 Why shiver at approaching dissolution?

145

150

SAY why, by nature's unresisted force,
 Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns
 And active choice, impell'd to shun their fate,

And dread destruction, as the worst of ills;
 Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why risk 155
 Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
 Which, lengthen'd, is, at best, protracted pain?
 Say, by what mystic charms, can life allure
 Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
 Plac'd in th' extensive scale of nature, want 160
 Those blessings heav'n accumulates on me?
 Blessings superior; tho' the blaze of day
 Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,
 To me extinct in everlasting shades:
 Yet heav'n-taught music, at whose powerful voice, 165
 Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,
 Forfake the heart, and yield it all to joy,
 Ne'er soothes their pangs. To their insensate view
 Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.
 To them the noblest gift of bounteous heav'n, 170
 Sweet conversation, whose enliv'ning force
 Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,
 Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost.
 The sacred sympathy of social hearts:
 Benevolence, supreme delight of heav'n; 175
 Th' extensive wish, which in one wide embrace,
 All beings circles, when the swelling soul
 Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their breasts.

As yet my soul ne'er felt the oppressive weight
 Of indigence unaided; swift redress, 180
 Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
 And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest.

Tho';

Tho', o'er the future series of my fate,
 Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign
 To blend their baleful fire : oft, while the sun 185
 Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of heav'n,
 A gloom of congregated vapours rise,
 Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
 And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
 Portending tempest ; till the source of day 190
 Again asserts the empire of the sky,
 And, o'er the blotted scene of nature, throws
 A keener splendor. So, perhaps, that care,
 Thro' all creation felt, but most by man,
 Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh 195
 Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,
 And bid my hours a happier flight assume.
 Perhaps, enliv'ning hope ! perhaps my soul
 May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay
 Her unextinguish'd ardor in the stream : 200
 Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,
 Set by the hand of nature, ever points,
 Restless and faithful, as th' attractive force
 By which all bodies to the centre tend.

WHAT then ! because th' indulgent Sire of all 205
 Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere ;
 Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,
 In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine ;
 Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
 That state, by heav'n's paternal care, assign'd 210
 To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,

These

These ages, measur'd by the orbs of heav'n,
 In blank annihilation fade away?
 For scenes, where, finish'd by the almighty art,
 Beauty and order open to the sight 215
 In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
 Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day sun?
 Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd
 To each constituent of this wond'rous frame
 Its proper powers, its place and action due, 220
 With due degrees of weakness, whence results
 Concord ineffable; shall he reverse,
 Or disconcert the universal scheme,
 The gen'ral good, to flatter selfish pride
 And blind desire?—Before th' Almighty voice 225
 From non-existence call'd me into life,
 What claim had I to being? what to shine
 In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
 The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
 Till infinite perfection crown their toil? 230
 Who, conscious of their origin divine,
 Eternal order, beauty, truth, and good,
 Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.

HUSH! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress!
 This timid pride and impotence of soul: 235
 Learn now, why all those multitudes, which crowd
 This spacious theatre, and gaze on heav'n,
 Invincibly averse to meet their fate,
 Avoid each danger: know this sacred truth;
 All-perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,
 Engrav'd this mandate, "to preserve their frame, 240

And

And hold entire the gen'ral orb of being."
 Then, with becoming rev'rence let each pow'r,
 In deep attention, hear the voice of God;
 That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
 Commands its resignation to his law! 245

For this, has heav'n to virtue's glorious stage
 Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view,
 The wreath of conquest; basely to desert
 The part assign'd me, and, with dastard fear,
 From present pain, the cause of future bliss,
 To shrink into the bosom of the grave?
 How, then, is gratitude's vast debt repaid?
 Where all the tender offices of love
 Due to fraternal man, in which the heart,
 Each blessing it communicates, enjoys? 255
 How then shall I obey the first, great law
 Of nature's Legislator, deep imprest
 With double sanction; restless fear of death,
 And fondness still to breathe this vital air? 260
 Nor is th' injunction hard: who would not sink
 A while in tears and sorrow; then emerge
 With tenfold lustre; triumph o'er his pain;
 And, with unfading glory, shine in heav'n?

Come then, my little guardian Genius! cloath'd 265
 In that familiar form; my PHYLAX, come!
 Let me carefs thee, hug thee to my heart,
 Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.
 Had not thy interposing fondness staid.

My

My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now, 279
 My soul, by nature's sharpest pangs expell'd,
 Had left this frame; had pass'd the dreadful bound,
 Which life from death divides; divides this scene
 From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,
 Impervious to the sharpest mortal fight, 275
 Elude our keenest search.—But still I err.
 Howe'er thy grateful, undesigning heart,
 In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid;
 Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,
 Not ev'n remotely distant could'st thou view. 280
 Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,
 Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk:
 Nor could'st thou judge the awful depth below,
 Which, from its watry bottom, to receive
 My fall, tremendous yawn'd. Thy utmost skill, 285
 Thy deepest penetration here had stopt,
 Short of its aim; and, in the strong embrace
 Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.
 No—heav'n's high Sov'reign, provident of all,
 Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first 290
 To check my heedless course; and hence I live.

ETERNAL Providence! whose equal sway
 Weighs each event; whose ever-waking care,
 Connecting high with low, minute with great,
 Attunes the wond'rous whole, and bids each part 295
 In one unbroken harmony conspire:
 Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!
 Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!

To

To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,
 Unweary'd tends ; and finds, in thee alone, 300
 Security, enjoyment, and repose.

By thee, O God ! by thy paternal arm,
 Thro' ev'ry period of my infant state,
 Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.
 O ! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm, 305
 High as thy throne, re-echo to the songs
 Of angels ; thence, O ! could my pray'r obtain
 One beam of inspiration, to inflame
 And animate my numbers ; heav'n's full choir,
 In loftier strains, th' inspiring God might sing ; 310
 Yet not more ardent, more sincere, than mine.
 But tho' my voice, beneath the seraph's note,
 Must check its feeble accents, low depress'd
 By dull mortality ; to thee, great Soul
 Of heav'n and earth ! to thee my hallow'd strain 315
 Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend.

Miss ————— to the AUTHOR.

WHILE friendship's gentle pow'rs my bosom fire,
Damon accept the lays which you inspire:
 My long-neglected muse thy worth revives,
 And gen'rous ardour from thy flame receives.
 Domestic troubles long my mind oppress'd,
 And made the muse a stranger to my breast;
 Not friendship's softest charms could raise my song,
 Till wak'd to life by thy persuasive tongue.
 O *Damon*, could I boast thy wondrous skill,
 Were but my genius equal to my will,
 Thy praises I unwearied would proclaim;
 And place thee with the brightest sons of fame.
 Sure, *Damon*, 'tis some god thy breast inspires,
 And fills thy soul with those celestial fires:
 Thy thoughts so just, so noble, so refin'd,
 That elegant, that virtuous turn of mind,
 May justly claim the praise of all mankind.

10

}

WHY am I call'd to leave my native plains,
 To range on barren hills with rustic swains?
 Far from my fellow nymphs, a sprightly throng,
 And far, too far from thy harmonious tongue!
 Yet still thy praise shall be my fav'rite theme:
 Each echo shall resound with *Damon's* fame,
 And ev'ry tree shall bear his much-lov'd name.

20

}

O! could.

O! could I bear thee to *Acasto's* feat,
 To *Phæbus* and his sons a known retreat;
Acasto, whose great mind and honest soul
 No hopes can bias, and no fears control.
 He virtue's Patron long has firmly stood,
 And, in a vicious age, been greatly good.
 Oft has *Acasto* in some fragrant bow'r
 Invok'd *Urania*, and confess'd her pow'r;
 As oft the tuneful maid has own'd his lays,
 And blest'd his song with well-deserved praise.
 Were *Damon* there, to join the tuneful choir,
 With all the beauties of his verse and lyre,
 His wit would civilize our savage plains,
 Polish our country nymphs, and rural swains.
 But tho' hard fate deny my fond request,
 It cannot tear thy mem'ry from my breast;
 No— while life's blood runs warm in ev'ry vein,
 For thee a lasting friendship I'll maintain:
 And when this busy scene of life is o'er,
 Nor earth retards the soul's excursions more,
 I'll joy to meet thee in those happier scenes,
 Where unallay'd, immortal pleasure reigns.
 There, crown'd with youth unfading, let us stray
 Thro' the bright regions of eternal day;
 There, of essential happiness secur'd,
 With joy we'll tell the pains we once endur'd.

Some pow'r conduct us thro' the glorious road,
 And lead us safe to that divine abode,

Where blifs eternal waits the virtuous foul,
And joys on joys in endless circles roll.

1740.

CLIO.

The AUTHOR'S Answer.

WHEN CLIO seem'd forgetful of my pain,
A soft impatience throbb'd in ev'ry vein;
Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;
So few their pleasures, and their pace so slow:
But, when your moving accents reach'd my ear,
Just, as your taste, and as your heart, sincere;
My foul re-echo'd, while the melting strain
Beat in each pulse, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.

AH! teach my verse, like your's, to be refin'd;
Your force of language, and your strength of mind:
Teach me that winning, soft, persuasive art,
Which ravishes the soul, and charms the heart:
Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ
To paint your merit, and express my joy.
Less soft the strains, the numbers less refin'd,
With which great ORPHEUS polish'd human kind;
Whose magic force could lawless vice reprove,
And teach a world the sweets of social love.

WHEN

WHEN great * ACAS^TO's virtues grac'd your lays,
 My soul was lost in the effulgent blaze; 20
 Whose love, like heav'n, to all mankind extends,
 Supplies the indigent, the weak defends;
 Pursues the good of all with steady aim;
 One bright, unweary'd, unextinguish'd flame.
 What transport felt my soul, what keen delight, 25
 When its full blaze of glory met my sight!
 But soon, too soon, the happy gleam was o'er;
 What joy can reign where CLIO is no more?

AH! hapless me! must yet more woes inspire
 The mournful song, and tune the tragic lyre? 30
 The last and greatest of the fable train?
 Her CLIO's absence must the muse complain,
 From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,
 And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.

YET, while absorb'd in thought alone I stray, 35
 On ev'ry sense while silent sorrows prey,
 Or from some harbour, conscious of my pain,
 While to the sighing breeze I sigh in vain;
 May each new moment, fraught with new delight,
 Crown your bright day, and bless your silent night: 40
 May height'ning raptures ev'ry sense surprise,
 Music your ears, gay prospects charm your eyes:

* A gentleman, who then resided in *Galloway*, distinguish'd for hospitality; for his inviolable attachment to the interests of his country; and, in short, for all those virtues which adorned his ancestors, and dignify human nature.

May all on earth, and all in heav'n conspire
 To make your pleasures lasting and entire.
 'Tis thine alone can sooth my anxious breast,
 Secure of bliss, while conscious you are blest.

45

E P I S T L E I.

To the same. From *Edinburgh*.

FROM where bleak north winds chill the frozen skies,
 And lov'd EDINA's lofty turrets rise,
 Sing heav'nly muse! to thy lov'd CLIO sing;
 Tune thy faint voice, and stretch thy drooping wing.

COULD I, like URIEL, on some pointed ray,
 To your fair distant *Eden* wing my way,
 Outstrip the moments, scorn the swiftest wind,
 And leave ev'n wing'd desire to lag behind;
 So strong, so swift, I'd fly the port to gain;
 The speed of angels should pursue in vain.

10

AH! whither, whither would my fancy stray?
 Nor hope sustains, nor reason leads the way:
 No, let my eyes in scalding sorrows flow,
 Vast as my loss, and endless as my woe:

Flow,

Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame,
 And, with increasing hours, increase the stream.
 Yet, CLIO, hear, in pity to my smart,
 If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart :
 Let but one line suspend my constant care,
 Too faint for hope, too lively for despair :
 Thee let me still with wonted rapture find
 The muses patroness, and poet's friend.

15

20

EPISTLE II.

To DORINDA, with *Venice* Prefer'd.

IF friendship gains not pardon for the muse,
 Immortal OTWAY, sure, will plead excuse :
 For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,
 Which feel the poet, and which weep his praise.
 Whether great JAFFIER tender griefs inspires,
 Struggling with cruel fate, and high desires ;
 Or BELVIDERA's gentler accents flow,
 When all her soul she breathes in love and woe :
 Drawn from the heart the various passions shine,
 And wounded nature bleeds in ev'ry line.
 As when some turtle spies her lovely mate
 Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net,

Her

Her little heart just bursting with despair,
She droops her wings, and breathes her soul in air.

E P I S T L E I I I .

To Mife ANNIE RAE :

With the Manual of EPICTETUS, and Tablature of CEBES.

GO, happy leaves ! to ANNA's view disclose
What solid joy from real virtue flows ;
When, like the world, self-pois'd, th' exalted soul,
Unshaken, scorns the storms that round her roll ;
And, in herself collected, joys to find
Th' untainted image of th' Eternal Mind.

5

To bid mankind their end supreme pursue,
On God and nature fix their wand'ring view ;
To teach reluctant passion to obey,
Check'd, or impell'd by reason's awful sway ;
From films of error purge the mental eye,
Till undissembled good in prospect lie ;
The soul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame :
Such was the *Stoic's* and *Socratic's* aim.

10

O ! could

O! COULD they view from yon immortal scene,
 Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded, reign,
 Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd page,
 Imbibe their truth, and in their task engage;
 With rapture would they hail so fair a sight,
 And feel new bliss in heav'n's supreme delight.

20

* To Miss D. H.

In Answer to a Letter she wrote the Author from *Dumfries*.

MAY Heaven's best blessings on thy head descend,
 Whose goodness recollects an absent friend;
 Brighter and brighter may thy moments roll,
 Joy warm thy heart, and virtue tune thy soul;
 With length'ning life still happier be thy state,
 As by thy worth, distinguish'd by thy fate.
 Oh! if my ardent vows successful prove;
 If merit charms, if God himself be love;
 Of all the lots his bounty e'er assign'd
 To bless the best, the noblest of mankind;
 For none shall happier constellations shine,
 None boast a sphere of ampler bliss than thine.

* The young Lady to whom the MONODY is inscribed.

FEW of thy sex, alas! how wond'rous few,
 Bestow those kind regards to virtue due :
 A humble name, of wealth too small a share, 15
 A form unseemly, or a clownish air ;
 These casual faults the squeamish fair disgust,
 Who to be thought refin'd, become unjust.
 Not such DORINDA's more intense survey,
 It looks for charms unconscious of decay ; 20
 Surface and form pervades with nobler taste,
 And views God's image on the heart imprest.
 O may I ever share thy kind esteem,
 In fortune's change, and life's tumultuous dream :
 If future hours be ting'd with colours gay, 25
 There let thy friendship mix its heav'nly ray ;
 O'er all my fate if adverse planets reign,
 O let thy gentle pity sooth my pain :
 With this one precious good securely blest,
 Let chance or fortune regulate the rest. 30

SINCE still to me extend thy gen'rous cares,
 My study, health, employment, and affairs ;
 These ever in the same dull channel flow,
 A lazy current, uniformly slow.
 Thus still from hour to hour, from day to day, 35
 Life's glimm'ring taper languishes away ;
 A doubtful flame, a dim portentous light,
 That wastes, and sickens into endless night.

THE modes of dress, the Sophist's keen debate,
 The various politics of church or state, 40
 A soul like thine will think but trivial news,
 Beneath the care of friendship, and the muse.

IN vain I urge dull thought from line to line,
 Fancy grows restive to the fond design:
 Here let the muse her weary pinions rest, 45
 Be ever kind, and Oh! be ever blest.

To Miss A. H. on her MARRIAGE.

I Hate the stiff address, the studied phrase
 Of formal compliment, and empty praise,
 Where fancy labours to express the heart,
 With all the paint, and impotence of art:
 But when with merit friendship's charms conspire 5
 To bid my hand resume the votive lyre,
 Once more my veins their former raptures know,
 And all the muses in my bosom glow.

O THOU, whose soul with every sweetness crown'd,
 Diffuses light, and life, and pleasure round; 10
 Whose heart, with ev'ry tender sense endow'd,
 Glows, like creative Love, serenely good;

Whose easy manners at one view display
 Fancy's quick flash, and reason's steady ray ;
 While each internal charm, with sweet surprise, 15
 Beams thro' thy form, and lights thy radiant eyes :
 Blest'd with those joys, may all thy moments flow,
 Which conscious virtue only can bestow :
 That soft, eternal sunshine of the mind,
 Sweet as thy charms, and as thy soul refin'd. 20
 May heav'n protect thee with a father's care,
 And make thee happy, as it made thee fair.
 O may the man now sacred to thy choice,
 With all his soul the real blessing prize ;
 One common end o'er all your views preside, 25
 One with impel you, and one purpose guide ;
 Be all your days auspicious, calm, and bright,
 One scene of tender, pure, unmix'd delight,
 Till time and fate exhaust their endless store,
 And Heav'n alone can make your pleasure more. 30

To the Reverend Mr. JAMESON.

WHY mourns my friend, what cause shall I assign?
 Why smarts that tender, honest soul of thine ?
 What star, a foe to all that's good and great,
 Dares, with malignant influence, dash thy fate ?

Why

Why shrinks my heart with fears not understood? 5
 What strange portentous sadness chills my blood?
 O! breathe thy latent sorrows in mine ear,
 And prompt the starting, sympathetic tear.
 As tender mothers, with assiduous view,
 Their infant offspring's wand'ring steps pursue, 10
 As, wing'd from Heav'n, celestial guardians wait,
 To snatch their fav'rite charge from instant fate:
 Friendship thy close attendant shall remain,
 Prepar'd to soften, or partake thy pain:
 Whether thy form, to pale disease a prey, 15
 Beneath its pressure pants the tedious day;
 Or if some tender grief dissolves thy mind,
 Each wish extinguish'd, and each hope resign'd:
 For thee my spirits shall more languid flow;
 For thee, the flame of life suspend its glow; 20
 For thee this heart, with sorrows new shall groan,
 And add thy part of anguish to its own.
 Whatever scenes thy pensive walk invite,
 Thither thy friend shall bend his speedy flight.
 Say, shall our social steps together stray 25
 Thro' groves that glimmer with a twilight ray?
 Or thro' some boundless solitary plain,
 Where Melancholy holds her pensive reign?
 Say, thro' embow'ring myrtles shall we rove
 Bedew'd with recent tears by hopeless love? 30
 Or, where neglected worth, from men retir'd,
 In uncomplaining agony expir'd?
 There in the silent cypress shade-reclin'd,
 Let each in each a faithful suff'rer find;

There

There let our mingling plaints to Heav'n ascend ; 35
 There, let our eyes their ceaseless currents blend :
 Our mingling plaints shall stop the passing gale,
 And each enamour'd echo sigh the tale.
 For whilst I speak, ev'n in this mortal hour,
 Perhaps relentless death exerts its pow'r, 40
 Perhaps the shaft already wings its way,
 Too surely aim'd, and * *Barnet* falls its prey.
 Him nature, with no common care, design'd,
 His form embellish'd, and his soul refin'd ;
 O! with what ardor did his piercing view, 45
 Thro' every maze of nature, truth pursue!
 Sacred to virtue, and the muse, his breast
 With Heav'n's own loveliest image was impress.
 Like Heav'n's eternal goodness, unconfin'd
 His soul, with one fond wish, embrac'd mankind : 50
 For them his time, his cares were all employ'd ;
 Their griefs he felt ; their happiness enjoy'd ;
 His parents now, in bitterness of pain,
 Shall ask from Heav'n and earth their son in vain :
 In vain, his friends, with pious gifts shall tell
 How gay he blossom'd, and how early fell. 55
 Thro' all his frame a fever's fury reigns,
 Consumes his vitals, and inflames his veins,

* *Mr. Barnet*, an Englishman, a dear and intimate friend of our poet. He was a student of physic in the University of *Edinburgh*; and at the time the above epistle was written, lay dangerously ill of a fever, of which he died a few days after, in the bloom of youth, much lamented by all who knew him, but particularly by *Mr. Blacklock*, who scarce ever mentions his name without a tear.

In tears the salutary arts retreat,
And virtue views with pangs her darling's fate.

HERE pause, my friend, and with due candour own. 60
Affliction's cup not mix'd for thee alone ;
Others, like thee, its dire contents must drain,
And share their full inheritance of pain.
But, O ! may brighter hours thy life attend ;
Such as from Heav'n on happy love descend ; 65
Such gleams, as still on conscious virtue shine,
By God and man approv'd, be ever thine.
May reason, arm'd with each persuasive art,
Inspire thy precepts, as she guides thy heart :
Nor let thy soul the smallest portion know 70
Of all my past distress, or present woe.

An

An EPITAPH, on his FATHER.

HERE drop, Benevolence, thy sacred tear,
 A friend of human kind reposes here :
 A man, content himself, and God, to know ;
 A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow :
 Beneath each pressure, uniformly great ;
 In life untainted, unsurpriz'd by fate :
 Such, tho' obscur'd by various ills, he shone ;
 Confol'd his neighbours woes, and bore his own :
 Heav'n saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,
 To share the triumphs of eternal day.

5

10

To Mrs. ANNE BLACKLOCK, the Author's Mother.

With a Copy of the SCOTCH EDITION of his Poems.

O THOU! who gav'st me first this world t' explore,
 Whose frame, for me, a mother's anguish bore ;
 For me, whose heart its vital current drain'd,
 Whose bosom nurs'd me, and whose arms sustain'd :

What

What tho' thy son, dependent, weak, and blind, 5
 Deplore his wishes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
 Tho' want, impending, cloud each cheerless day,
 And death with life seem struggling for their prey?
 Let this console, if not reward, thy pain,
 Unhappy he may live, but not in vain. 10

PROLOGUE to OTHELLO:

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at the Opening of the Play-house in
 DUMFRIES.

YE souls! by soft humanity inspir'd,
 For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd;
 Where taste and commerce, amicably join'd,
 Embellish life, and cultivate the mind:
 Without a blush you may support our stage; 5
 No tainted joys shall here your view engage.
 To tickle fools with prostituted art,
 Debauch the fancy, and corrupt the heart,
 Let others stoop; such meanness we despise,
 And please with virtuous objects virtuous eyes. 10

THE tender soul what dire convulsions tear,
 When whisp'ring villains gain th' incautious ear;

U

How

How heav'nly mild, yet how intensely bright,
 Fair Innocence, tho' clouded, strikes the sight;
 What endless plagues from jealous fondness flow,
 This night our faithful scenes attempt to show:
 No new-born whim, no hasty flash of wit;
 But nature's dictates, by great SHAKESPEARE writ.

IMMORTAL bard! who, with a master hand,
 Could all the movements of the soul command;
 With pity sooth, with terror shake her frame;
 In love dissolve her, or to rage inflame.

To taste and virtue, heav'n-descended pair!
 While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care;
 To crown our ardor, let your fav'ring smile
 Reward our hopes, and animate our toil:
 So may your eyes no weeping moments know,
 But when they share some DESDEMONA's woe.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to *HAMLET*:Spoken by Mr. LOVE, at *Dumfries*.

INSPIR'D with pleasing hope to entertain,
 Once more we offer SHAKESPEARE'S heav'nly strain;
 While hov'ring round, his laurel'd shade surveys
 What eyes shall pour their tribute to his praise;
 What hearts with tender pity shall regret
 The bitter grief that clouds OPHELIA's fate.

ONCE fair she flourish'd, nature's joy and pride,
 But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.
 Severe extremes of tenderness and woe,
 When love and virtue mourn one common blow;
 When griefs alternate o'er the bosom reign,
 And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry thought is pain!
 Here nature triumph'd, on her throne sublime,
 And mock'd each pigmy muse of later time;
 Till SHAKESPEARE touch'd the soul with all her smart,
 And stamp'd her living image on the heart.

FROM his instructive song we deeply feel,
 How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal.
 Tho' night and silence with the fraud conspire,
 To bid the crime from human search retire;

Tho' yet the traitor seem from harm secure,
 And fate a while suspend th' avenging hour :
 Tho' fortune nurse him with a mother's care,
 And deck her pageant in a short-liv'd glare :
 In vain he struggles to disguise his smart,
 A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart ;
 While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,
 And heav'n's vindictive terrors round him rise.

25

SUCH salutary truths their light diffuse,
 Where honours due attend the tragic muse ;
 Deep by her sacred signature imprest,
 They mingle with the foul, and warm the breast.
 Hence taught of old, the pious and the sage,
 With veneration, patroniz'd the stage.

30

BUT, soft ! methinks you cry with some surprise,
 " How long intend you thus to moralize ?"
 Our prologue deviates from establish'd rules,
 Nor thocks the fair, nor calls the critics fools,
 'Tis true ; but, dully fond of common sense,
 We still think spleen to wit has no pretence ;
 Think impudence is far remote from spirit,
 And modesty, tho' aukward, has some merit.

35

40

An

To a GENTLEMAN, who asked my Sentiments of him.

An EPIGRAM.

DEAR FABIVS ! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe ;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

On PUNCH:

An EPIGRAM.

HENCE ! restless care, and low design ;
Hence ! foreign compliments and wine :
Let gen'rous BRITONS, brave and free,
Still boast their *Punch* and honesty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate, 5
And we the guests who share the treat ;
Where strong, insipid, sharp and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet.
A while with joy the scene is crown'd ;
A while the catch and toast go round : 10
And, when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
Say then, Physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind ;
What harm in drinking can there be, 15
Since *Punch* and life so well agree ?

On

On MARRIAGE:

An EPIGRAM.

YOUNG CELIA, now a blooming bride,
 Sat from her friends apart, and cry'd;
 Her faithful CHLOE view'd her care,
 And thus consol'd the weeping fair:

Good heav'n! in tears! for shame! look gay;
 Nor cloud with grief your nuptial day.
 If brides in tears receive their spouses,
 What must the hapless wretch who loses?
 Besides, my dear, you know 'tis reason,
 That all things have a proper season:
 Now, 'tis in marriage a plain case,
 That crying holds the second place.
 Let vulgar souls in sorrow sink,
 Who always act, and never think:
 But, to reflecting minds like you,
 Marriage can sure have nothing new.

On the S A M E :

An EPIGRAM.

WHOEVER feals the marriage vow,
 'Tis well agreed, makes one of two:
 But who can tell, save G—d alone,
 What numbers may make *two* of *one*.

An EPITAPH,

On a Favourite LAP-DOG.

I NEVER bark'd when out of season;
 I never bit without a reason;
 I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
 Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
 Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
 Happy for man, could he say so!

The

The AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

WHILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
 And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
 Deign, lovely SELF! with art and nature's pride,
 To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.

SELF is the grand pursuit of half mankind:
 How vast a crowd by Self, like me, are blind!
 By self, the fop, in magic colours, shown,
 Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:
 When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
 Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade.
 Then, wonder-working self? begin the lay;
 Thy charms to others, as to me, display.

STRAIGHT is my person, but of little size;
 Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
 My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
 Politely distant stands each single hair.
 My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
 So smooth, a child may listen without fear;
 Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
 To sooth the fair thro' pleasure's wanton ways.
 My form so fine, so regular, so new;
 My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;

Of,

Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
 " See, see *Memento mori* cros the way."
 The ravish'd PROSERPINE at last, we know, 25
 Grew fondly jealous of her fable beau;
 But thanks to nature! none from me need fly;
 One heart the Devil could wound—so cannot I.

YET, tho' my person fearless may be seen,
 There is some danger in my graceful mien: 30
 For, as some vessel, tofs'd by wind and tide,
 Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from fide to fide;
 In just vibration thus I always move:
 This who can view, and not be forc'd to love?

HAIL! charming Self! by whose propitious aid 35
 My form in all its glory stands display'd:
 Be present still; with inspiration kind,
 Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.

LIKE all mankind, with vanity I'm blest'd;
 Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd. 40
 To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
 Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
 This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
 The next I wonder why I should do so.
 Tho' poor, the rich I view with careless eye; 45
 Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lye.
 I ne'er, for satire, torture common sense;
 Nor show my wit at God's, nor man's expence.

Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
 Wish well to all, and yet do good to none. 50
 Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
 Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
 Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
 The bad I pity, and the good admire:
 Fond of the muse, to her devote my days, 55
 And scribble—not for *pudding*, but for *praise*.

THESE careless lines if any virgin hears,
 Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
 She may consent a gen'rous flame to own;
 And I no longer sigh the nights alone. 60
 But, should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
 Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;
 Cry, "Save us, heav'n! a spectre, not a man!"
 Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:
 If I my tender overture repeat; 65
 O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
 May she new graces on my form bestow,
 And, with tall honours, dignify my brow! *

* The manner in which our Author has conducted this piece is very remarkable. None but one possessed of Mr. BLACKLOCK's happy temper of mind, would have been so pleasant at his own expence. However, lest the Ladies of future ages should think this humorous description real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful Painter, the picture would by no means have been so ludicrous.

R. H.

ADDRESS

P R E F A C E

A D D R E S S

TO THE

L A D I E S,

A

S A T I R E.

Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,
Would I much rather than CORNELIA wed.

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

P R E F A C E.

WHETHER the Author's designs were benevolent or ill-natured, in the writing or publication of this piece to the world, it is unnecessary for him to discover; for even though he should, with all imaginable candour, express the motives which influenced him, every one will presume upon the same right of judging as if no such discovery had been made. Permit him therefore only to say, that this Satire is neither absolutely personal, nor comprehensive of all. To attack any particular character is no less detraction in verse than in prose; or suppose the intention more good-natured, it is confining those moral lessons to one, which may be applicable to a thousand. To attack any sex or species for qualities inseparable from it, is really to write a satire against Nature. So that the business of one who would assume a character so delicate and unwellcome, is neither to confine himself to individuals, nor attempt to include the whole.

THE Author thought it proper to convey his sentiments in an epistolary way, that the eye might still be directed to one principal figure. Such characters and passions as could not thus properly be introduced, are brought in by frequent digressions, with as much ease as possible. For this I need only instance the characters of FLAVIA and TIMANDRA.

THE

THE most effectual way either to gain or preserve the attention of readers in satire is, by a delicate and well-preserved irony. This the Author has as seldom violated as the subjects he treated, and his own warmth of temper would permit. And thus, under pretence of advising, he exposes to his pupil most of the vices and foibles of the sex; first, in their earliest appearances in the world, then in marriage, as mistresses of a family, as mothers, and the different rules too often observed in dress abroad and at home. This account of our Author's plan was thought requisite, lest the reader, when glancing over the poem, might lose himself in it.

A. G.

ADVICE

THE Author thought it proper to convey his sentiments in an epistolary way, that the eye might still be directed to one principal figure. Such characters and passions as could not thus properly be introduced, are brought in by frequent digressions, with as much ease as possible. For this I need only instance the characters of FLAVIA and TIMANDRA.

ADVICE to the LADIES.

Inscrib'd to Miss *Credo pudicitiam, Saturno rege, moratam**In terris, visamque diu.*

Juv.

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd *Chastity* on earth.

DRYDEN.

O THOU, whom still in vain I must adore,
To Beauty much in debt, to Fortune more;
With wit and taste enough thy faults to hide,
To gild thy folly, and to plume thy pride;
Soon shall my heart, a rebel to thy chain,
Assert its freedom, and thy pow'r disdain.
Yet 'ere kind Fate my liberty restore,
(When twice five hundred pounds can charm no more),
For thee the Muse shall tune th' instructive lay,
And thro' the maze of life direct thy way:
The Muse, long study'd in her sex's art,
The head designing, and corrupted heart,
For thee shall sing; nor thou too rashly blame
The last faint struggles of a dying flame.

THE

THE maid whom Nature with maternal care 15
 Has form'd to scatter ruin ev'ry where,
 When first on life her radiant eyes she throws,
 Drefs, flatt'ry, pleasure, billet-doux; and beaux;
 Then, conscous of her weakness, let her fly
 The tender lip, the love-illumin'd eye; 20
 Let her alike distrust her strength and art,
 And cautious to some maiden aunt impart
 The important charge, her honour and her heart. }
 But soon the first emotions of desire
 Shall with simplicity and truth retire; 25
 The conscous tongue, inspir'd by distant views,
 Its first alliance with the soul shall lose;
 The blood, by candour taught before to glow,
 From other motives to the cheeks shall flow;
 No more shall looks her sentiments explain, 30
 But ev'ry flexile feature learn to feign.
 Then let her issue forth to open light,
 In all the blaze of native beauty bright;
 Infatiate, conquest let her still pursue,
 Secure from harm, and destin'd to undo. 35
 Yet while the first of public toasts she reigns,
 While half the nation struggles in her chains,
 If not like thee, with Fortune's bounty blest,
 Let her at last resign the world to rest,
 Ere Time his empire o'er her charms assume, 40
 And tinge with fainter hue her native bloom.

IN vernal youth, and beauty's gayest pride,
 The charming FLAVIA thus becomes a bride.
 For what blest'd youth, O Muse, with truth declare,
 Could Fate reserve the conquest of the fair? 45
 To what resistless art, what charms divine,
 What soft address, could she her heart resign?
 Did youth, good-nature, sense, inflict the wound?
 "No — peevish seventy with five thousand pound."
 Hail holy ties! by wond'rous charms endear'd, 50
 The paralytic nerve, and hoary beard.
 What mighty joys must blest such equal love,
 When hand in hand gay Spring and Winter move?
 Beneath the specious semblance of a wife
 She flaunts a licens'd prostitute for life. 55
 Why all this hurry? FLAVIA was afraid
 Her fame should wither, or her beauty fade.

FAVOUR'D of Heav'n, far happier stars are thine;
 Long as thy wish shall thy meridian shine,
 In youth or age still certain to command, 60
 And see thy bloom coeval with thy land.

THERE is a time, to all the sex well known,
 When 'tis a wretched thing to be alone;
 When pregnant Night with ghosts and spectres teems,
 And sportive fairies prompt tumultuous dreams; 65
 Then, tho' no lower with thy breast inflame,
 Though spotless be thy fancy as thy name,

Y

In

In solitary fears no longer pine,
But to protecting man thy charms resign.

AND now, before the raptur'd swain should cloy 70
With known embraces, and repeated joy ;
Now is the time thy wit, thy pow'rs to strain,
And tease him still some fav'rite boon to gain.
Now with eternal tempest stun his ears,
Now vary all the scene with fits and tears ; 75
Now (pleas'd to view vicissitudes of pain,
To view thy tyranny new force obtain)
To all his tender arts and soft pursuit
Still be thy tongue inexorably mute.

NOR yet thy plagues to one alone confine, 80
Portending public ruin comets shine ;
Angle for hearts, and when you catch the prey,
Long on the line your foolish captive play.

BUT should thy fond, officious fool be near, 85
With jealous looks, and with attentive ear ;
Should he on ev'ry private hour intrude,
And watch those pleasures he was meant to shroud ;
With all thy skill his jealous rage ferment,
The look inviting, and the soft complaint ;
With equal favour ev'ry lover blest, 90
The gentle whisper, and the fond caress ;
Till the weak dupe, in every tender sense,
Feels, more than hell, the torture of suspense.

Then

Then if he dares to murmur at his fate,
 Tell him with smiles, repentance is too late. 95
 But if, with haughty tone, and lordly pride,
 He dictates serious rules thy life to guide;
 With weeping eyes, and melting sounds, regret
 The destin'd sorrows which on woman wait;
 To tyrant man subjected during life, 100
 A wretched daughter, and more wretched wife;
 Alike unblest'd, whate'er her form inspire,
 Licentious ridicule, or low desire;
 She pines away a life to bliss unknown;
 A slave to ev'ry humour but her own; 105
 While with despotic nod, and watchful gaze,
 Her jealous master all her steps surveys:
 With strict reserve each lover if she treat,
 Then all her portion is contempt or hate;
 But if more free she spend the cheerful day 110
 Among the witty, innocent, and gay,
 From all her hopes domestic pleasure flies,
 Suspicion breathes, and lo! her honour dies.
 Such cruel stars on woman still attend,
 And couldst thou hope their fury to suspend? 115

PERHAPS some lover may thy soul inflame,
 For nature in each bosom is the same;
 Then, but by slow degrees, his fate decide,
 And gratify at once thy love and pride.
 For love and pride, beneath each dark disguise, 120
 Heave in your breast, and sparkle in your eyes:

Howe'er your sex in chastity pretend
To hate the lover, but admire the friend,
Desires more warm their natal throne maintain,
Platonic passions only reach the brain.

THOUGH in the cloyster's secret cell immur'd
By bolts, by ev'ry name in heaven secur'd;
Though in the close seraglio's walls confin'd;
Ev'n there your fancy riots on mankind: 139
Your persons may be fix'd, your forms reclusé
While minds are faithless, and while thoughts are loose.

SHOULD Love at last (whom has not Love subdu'd?)
Full on thy sense some killing form obtrude;
O! then beware, nor with a lavish hand
Too promptly offer, ere thy swain demand. 143
Our mothers, great in virtues as in crimes,
Disdain'd the venal spirit of our times:
Vice, oft repell'd, their stubborn hearts essay'd;
But if at last their yielding soul she sway'd,
Nor hopes, nor fears, nor int'rest could restrain, 149
Heav'n charm'd, hell threaten'd, av'rice brib'd in vain.
Fools they, and folly's common lot they shar'd,
Instinct their guide, and pleasure their reward:
Their wiser race pursue a happier scheme,
Pleasure their instrument, and wealth their aim; 145
Nor maid, nor wife, unbrib'd her heart bestows,
Each dart is tipp'd with gold which Cupid throws.

Thus

Thus should the dice invite thy ventrous hand,
 Or debts of honour fresh supplies demand;
 Should china, monkeys, gems thy heart engage, 150
 The gilded coach, or liv'ry'd equipage;
 Half meet; half shun his wish; nor free, nor nice;
 Delay the pleasure, to inhance the price.

While Night o'er heav'n and earth extends her shade,
 And darker female cunning lends its aid, 155
 Then, but with art, thy schemes of pleasure lay,
 Left Argus with his hundred eyes survey:
 For gales officious ev'ry whisper bear,
 Each room has echoes, and each wall an ear.
 Yet Jealousy, oft fann'd with opiate airs, 160
 Her charge abandons, and forgets her cares;
 While Love awake exerts his happy pow'r,
 And consecrates to joy the fated hour.

That well-concerted plans command success,
 Learn from TIMANDRA's fortune, and confess. 165
 The clock strikes ten, in vain TIMANDRA mourns,
 Supper is serv'd, no husband yet returns.
 Not yet return'd! Good heav'n avert my fear;
 What unforeseen mischance detains my dear?
 Perhaps in some dark alley, by surprise, 170
 Beneath a villain's arm he murder'd lies;
 Or by some apoplectic fit deprest,
 Perhaps, alas! he seeks eternal rest,

Whilst

Whilst I an early widow mourn in vain:
 Hasten! fly, ye slaves, restore my lord again! 175
 She spoke, she shriek'd aloud, she rung the bell,
 Then senseless, lifeless, on the couch she fell.
Say, Muse; for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor hell's deep track; say, what could then ensue?

LORENZO, touch'd with sympathy divine, 180
 Heard the shrill sound, and recognis'd the sign;
 He came, he spoke, and if report say true,
 Her life rekindled, and her fears withdrew.
 The lover vanish'd, and the tumult past,
 The unsuspecting husband came at last; 185
 The spouse with equal joy his transports crown'd,
 Nor on her lips were CASSIO'S * kisses found.

LET Scandal next no slight attention share,
 Scandal, the fav'rite science of the fair,
 O'er which her fancy broods the summer-day, 190
 And scheming wastes the midnight-taper's ray;
 The laugh significant, the biting jest,
 The whisper loud, the sentence half suppress'd,
 The seeming pity for another's fame,
 To praise with coldness, or with caution blame; 195
 Still shall thy malice by those arts succeed,
 And ev'ry hour a reputation bleed.
 Thus shall thy words, thy looks, thy silence wound,
 And plagues be wafted in each whisper round.

* See *Othello*.

NOR on these topics long let Fancy dwell; 200
 In one unite the pedant and the belle:
 With learned jargon, ever misapply'd,
 Harangue, illustrate, criticise, decide.
 For in our days, to gain a sage's name,
 We need not plod for sense, but banish shame: 205
 'Tis this which opens every fair-one's eyes,
 Religion, sense, and reason to despise;
 'Tis thus their thoughts affected freedom boast,
 And laugh at God, yet tremble at a ghost.
 Truth is the object of each common view, 210
 The gazing crowd her naked beauties woo;
 The fair such manners scorn, but, brave and free,
 Are damn'd for sacred singularity.

THEE with a mother's name should Fortune grace,
 And propagate thy vices in thy race, 215
 Let whim, not reason, all thy conduct guide,
 And not the parent, but the rod, preside:
 In all thy steps each wide extreme unite,
 Capricious tenderness, or groundless spite.
 Hence future ages shall with triumph see 220
 Bridewell and Tyburn both enrich'd by thee,
 To this our lives their hapless tenor owe,
 Tint'd with the poison'd source from whence they flow.
 Ah! me, had gracious Heav'n alone consign'd
 A prey to burning wrath your worthless kind; 225
 Or had the first fair she, to hell ally'd,
 Creation's sole reproach, curs'd Heav'n and dy'd;

Nor

Nor introduc'd in Nature's faultless frame
 The wretched heritage of guilt and shame.
 Such the maternal pledges you bestow,
 Expressive earnest of eternal woe. 230

STILL as a constant curse regard thy home,
 Thy pleasure's penance, and thy beauty's tomb;
 Now mad with rage, now languishing with spleen,
 There still in wretched dishabille be seen: 235
 Long let thy nail its polish'd jet extend,
 Around thy neck thy greasy locks descend;
 And round thee, mingling in one spicy gale,
 Kitchen and nurs'ry all their sweets exhale.

BUT if in more extensive spheres you move,
 With all the glare of dress your form improve;
 To aid its pomp let either India join,
 Nor once reflect at whose expence you shine;
 New airs, new fashions, new complexions try,
 While paint and affectation can supply. 245
 For Heav'n and Nature, uniform, and old,
 One settled course in each production hold;
 But belles, by native genius taught to please,
 Correct their Maker's want of taste with ease.

BUT why this hasty rage, this sudden fright? 250
 I meant to counsel, and you say I bite.
 Ah! no; Heav'n knows 'twas far from my intent;
 The world's too much a sinner to repent;
 By its example taught, I change my view.
 And swear the fair are right whate'er they do. 255

HORACE

HORACE, ODE XIII. BOOK I. Imitated.

Cum tu Lydia, Telephi, &c.

WHEN Cælia dwells on Damon's name,
 Infatiate of the pleasing theme,
 Or in detail admires his charms,
 His rosy neck, and waxen arms;
 O! then, with fury scarce suppress'd,
 My big heart labours in my breast;
 From thought to thought across my soul
 Incessant tides of passion roll;
 My blood alternate chills and glows,
 My wav'ring colour comes and goes;
 While down my cheek the silent tear
 Too plainly bids my grief appear;
 Too plainly shows the latent flame
 Whose slow consumption melts my frame.

I BURN, when conscious of his sway,
 The youth elated I survey,
 Presume, with insolence of air
 To frown, or dictate to my fair;
 Or in the madness of delight,
 When to thy arms he wings his flight,

Z

20
And

And having snatch'd a rude embrace,
 Profanes the softness of that face;
 That face which heav'n itself imbues
 With brightest charms and purest hues.
 Oh! if my counsels touch thine ear,
 (Love's counsels always are sincere),
 From his ungovern'd transports fly,
 Howe'er his form may please thine eye;
 For conflagrations, fierce and strong,
 Are fatal still, but never long:
 And he who roughly treats the shrine,
 Where modest worth and beauty shine,
 Forgetful of his former fire,
 Will soon no more these charms admire.

25

How blest'd, how more than blest'd are they 35
 Whom love retains with equal sway;
 Whose flame inviolably bright,
 Still burns in its meridian height;
 Nor jealous fears, nor cold disdain,
 Disturb their peace, nor break their chain: 40
 But, when the hours of life ebb fast,
 For each in sighs they breathe their last!

To

To a L A D Y,

With HAMMOND'S ELEGIES;

An ELEGY.

O FORM'D at once to feel and to inspire
 The noblest passions of the human breast,
 Attend the accent of love's fav'rite lyre,
 And let thy soul its moving force attest.

Expressive passion, in each found convey'd, 5
 Shall all its joy disclose, and all its smart;
 Reason to modest tenderness persuade,
 Smooth ev'ry thought, and tranquillize the heart.

False is that wisdom, impotent and vain,
 Which scorns the sphere by heav'n to men assign'd, 10
 Which treats love's purest fires with mock disdain,
 And, human, soars above the human kind.

Silent the muse of elegy remain'd,
 Her plaints untaught by nature to renew,
 Whilst sportive art delusive sorrows feign'd, 15
 With how much ease distinguish'd from the true!

Ev'n polish'd Waller mourns the constant scorn
 Of Saccharissa, and his fate in vain :
 With love his fancy, not his heart is torn ;
 We praise his wit, but cannot share his pain.

20

Such force has nature, so supremely fair,
 With charms maternal her productions shine ;
 The vivid grace and unaffected air,
 Proclaim them all her own, and all divine.

Should youthful merit in such strains implore,
 Let beauty still vouchsafe a gentle tear.
 What can the soul, with passion thrill'd, do more ?
 The song must prove the sentiment sincere.

25

Cold cunning ne'er, with animated strain,
 To other breasts can warmth unfelt impart :
 We see her labour with industrious pain,
 And mock the turgid impotence of art.

30

ODE

ODE to AMYN TA.

BY folly led from snare to snare,
 Of bitter grief, suspense, and care,
 A voluntary prey;
 With ev'ry flatt'ring good resign'd,
 Once more myself and peace to find,
 From thee I force my way.

Yet with reluctant step and flow,
 From all that's dear while thus I go,
 Some pity let me claim!
 Less smart th' expiring martyr's feels,
 While racks distend or torturing wheels
 Tear his devoted frame.

Nor think, like infants prone to change,
 From fordid views or weak revenge,
 My resolutions flow:
 'Tis God's, 'tis nature's great behest,
 On every living soul imprest,
 To seek relief from woe;

Nor yet explore, with curious bent,
 What, known, would but thy soul torment,
 And all its hopes betray:

When

When painful truths invade the mind,
 Ev'n wisdom wishes to be blind,
 And hates th' officious ray.

Ye powers, who cordial and serene, 25
 Protect the dear domestic scene,
 To your retreats I fly;
 At length by your's and reason's aid,
 I may to rest this heart persuade,
 And wipe the tearful eye. 30

There nature, o'er the heart supreme,
 Shall every tender wish reclaim,
 Where'er they fondly stray;
 There friendship's arms my fall sustain,
 When, languid with excess of pain, 35
 My fainting nerves give way.

With cadence soft the flowing stream,
 The fawning breeze, the lambent gleam,
 Shall join their various power,
 To bid each passion's rising tide 40
 In philosophic ease subside,
 And sooth my pensive hour.

AN ELEGY.

Inscribed to C—— S—— Esq;

O FRIEND, by ev'ry sympathy endear'd,
Which soul with soul in sacred ties unite;
The hour arrives, so long, so justly fear'd,
Brings all its pangs, and sinks each joy in night.

For now from heav'n my unavailing pray'r
Toss'd devious, mingles with the sportive gale;
No tender arts can move my cruel fair,
Nor all love's silent eloquence prevail.

Though from my lips no sound unmeaning flows,
Though in each action fondness is express'd,
No kind return shall terminate my woes,
Nor heave th' eternal pressure from my breast.

Too well the weakness of my heart I know;
Too well love's pow'r my soul had felt before:
Why did I then the pleasing ill pursue,
And tempt the malice of my fate once more?

Conscious how few among the fair succeed,
Who boast no merit but a tender heart,
Why was my soul again to chains decreed,
To unrewarded tears and endless smart?

The

The Siren hope, my tardy pace to chear,
 In gay preface the short'ning prospect drest,
 With art fallacious brought the object near,
 And lull'd each rising doubt in fatal rest.

I saw success, or thought at least I saw, 25
 Beck'ning with smiles to animate my speed,
 Reason was mute, impress'd with trembling awe,
 And mem'ry not one precedent could plead.

How curs'd is he who never learnt to fear 30
 The keenest plagues his cruel stars portend !
 Till o'er his head the black'ning clouds appear,
 And heav'n's collected storms at once descend !

What further change of fortune can I wait?
 What consummation to the last despair?
 She flies, yet shews no pity for my fate; 35
 She fees, yet deigns not in my griefs to share.

Yet the kind heart, where tender passions reign,
 Will catch the softness when it first appears;
 Explore each symptom of the sufferer's pain,
 Sigh all his sighs, and number all his tears. 40

This tribute from humanity is due,
 What then, just heav'ns ! what would not love bestow,
 Yet though the fair insensible I view,
 For others bliss I would not change my woe.

O blind

O blind to truth, and to reflection blind, 45

At length to wisdom and thyself return!

See science wait thee with demeanour kind,

Whose frown or absence no fond lovers mourn.

Bounteous and free to all who ask her aid,

Her sacred light anticipates their call, 50

Points out the precipice on which they stray'd,

And with maternal care prevents their fall.

Daughter of God! whose features all express

Th' eternal beauty whence thy being sprung;

I to thy sacred shrine my steps address, 55

And catch each sound from thy heav'n-prompted tongue.

O! take me wholly to thy fond embrace,

Through all my soul thy radiant beams infuse;

Thence every cloud of pleasing error chace;

Adjust her organs, and enlarge her views. 60

Hence, ever fixt on virtue and on thee,

No lower wish shall her attention claim,

Till, like her sacred parent, pure and free,

She gain the native heav'n from whence she came.

To JOHN M'LAURIN, Esq; (now Lord Dreghorn, one of
the Senators of the College of Justice).

With the AUTHOR'S Poems.

O THOU ! in whom maturely bright appears
 The flame of genius in the dawn of years ;
 Whom sacred wisdom's awful voice inspires ;
 Whom heav'n-born virtue's spotless beauty fires :
 Still let these glorious aims engage thy view ; 5
 With straining nerves the arduous path pursue ;
 For this revolve the sacred, ancient page,
 The raptur'd poet, and instructive sage :
 Nor scorn the efforts of a modern muse,
 Proud to reflect the glories they diffuse. 10
 Then, while with conscious joy exults thy fire *,
 Viewing his son to equal fame aspire,
 When the last echoes of my mortal lay,
 Shall feebly mix with air and die away ;
 Still shall my life beyond the grave extend, 15
 And ages know me for M'Laurin's friend.

* The late celebrated Mr. Colin M'Laurin.

EXTEM-

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

Spoken at the Desire of a GENTLEMAN.

THOU, genius of connubial love, attend;
 Let silent wonder all thy powers suspend;
 Whilst to thy glory I devote my lays,
 And pour forth all my grateful heart in praise.

IN lifeless strains let vulgar satire tell,
 That marriage oft is mixt with heav'n and hell,
 That conjugal delight is four'd with spleen,
 And peace and war compose the varied scene;
 My muse a truth sublimer can assert,
 And sing the triumphs of a mutual heart. 10
 Thrice happy they, who through life's varied tide,
 With equal peace and gentler motion glide;
 Whom tho' the wave of fortune sinks or swells,
 One reason governs, and one wish impels;
 Whose emulation is to love the best; 15
 Who feel no bliss, but in each other blest;
 Who know no pleasure but the joys they give,
 Nor cease to love, but when they cease to live:
 If fate these blessings in one lot combine,
 Then let th' eternal page record them mine. 20

To the Reverend MR. SPENCE, late Professor of Poetry
at Oxford.

Written at Dumfries in the Year 1759.

TO tomes of dull theology confin'd,
(Eternal opiates of the active mind)
Long lay my spirits, hush'd in deep repose,
Incapable alike of verse or prose.
Unmark'd by thought or action, every day
Appear'd, and pass'd in apathy away.

OUR friend, the Doctor *, view'd with deep regret,
My sad catastrophé, my lifeless state ;
Explor'd each ancient sage, whose labours tell
The force of powerful herb, or magic spell.
Phyfic in vain its boasted influence try'd ;
My stupor incantation's voice defy'd :
No charm could light my fancy's languid flame,
No charm but friendship's voice and *Spence's* name.
So from the cold embraces of the tomb,
Involv'd in deep impenetrable gloom,
Should heav'n's great mandate bid some wretch arise,
How would he view the sun with ravish'd eyes ;
Admire each part of nature's beauteous scene,
And welcome life and happiness again!

* Rev. Mr. Jamefon.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd the Doctor stood, and lost in thought,
 Nor could believe the wonder he had wrought;
 Till, fir'd at last with sacerdotal pride,
 " 'Tis mine ;—the work is all my own," he cried.
 " Henceforth some nobler task my might shall prove, 25
 " I mean some lofty mountain to remove,
 " With woods and fountains bid it wing its way
 " Thro' yielding air and settle in the sea."
 But recollecting, whence the virtue flow'd
 To which returning life and sense I ow'd, 30
 He snatch'd his pen, and with majestic tone ;
 " Hence Indolence and Sloth," he cry'd, " be gone ;
 " Me Friendship's spirit, Spence's name inspire,
 " My heart is pregnant, and my soul on fire ;
 " Thought crowds on thought, my brisk ideas flow, 35
 " And much I long to tell, and much to know."

Thus exorcis'd, to Lethe's dismal shore
 Fled Indolence, and sought her haunts of yore,
 With all her train forsook the poet's breast,
 And left the man completely dispossest'd. 40
 If to your very name, by bounteous heav'n,
 Such blest, restoring influence has been giv'n,
 How must your sweet approach, your aspect kind,
 Your soul-reviving converse, warm the mind !

To.

To Dr. BEATTIE.

With the AUTHOR's Poems.

O, WARM'D by inspiration's brightest fire,
For whom the muses string their fav'rite lyre,
Tho' with superior genius blest, yet deign
A kind reception to my humbler strain.

When florid youth impell'd, and fortune smil'd,
The vocal art my languid hours beguil'd :
Severer studies now my life engage ;
Researches dull, that quench poetic rage ;

5

From morn to ev'ning destin'd to explore
Th' verbal critic and the scholiast's lore ;
Alas ! what beam of heav'nly ardor shines
In musty lexicons and school divines ?

10

Yet to the darling object of my heart,
A short, but pleasing retrospect I dart ;
Revolve the labours of the tuneful quire,
And what I cannot imitate, admire.

15

O could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow ;
As thine harmonious, could my accents flow ;
Then, with approving ear, might'st thou attend,
Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.

20

To

To the Rev. DR. OGILVIE.

I decus, i, nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.

VIRGIL.

DEAR to the Muses and their tuneful train,
 Whom, long pursu'd, I scarce at last regain ;
 Why should'st thou wonder, if, when life declines,
 His antiquated lyre thy friend resigns.
 Haply, when youth elate with native force, 5
 Or emulation fires the generous horse,
 He bounds, he springs, each nerve elastic strains,
 And if not victor, some distinction gains ;
 But should the careless master of the steed,
 Cherish no more his mettle, or his speed, 10
 Indignantly he shuns all future strife,
 And wastes in indolent regret his life.
 Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
 Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard ;
 Excurfive, on the gentle gales of spring, 15
 He rov'd, whilst favour imp'd his timid wing :
 Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
 But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires ;
 The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
 Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste ; 20
 Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
 In cheerless gloom and winter premature.

But

But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
 Bold to atchieve, and mighty to succeed,
 For whom fresh laurels, in eternal bloom, 25
 Impregnate heav'n and earth with rich perfume;
 Pursue thy destin'd course, assert thy fame;
 Ev'n *Providence* shall vindicate thy claim;
 Ev'n nature's wreck, resounding thro' thy lays,
 Shall in its final crash proclaim thy praise. 30

To a FRIEND, of whose Health and Success the
 Author had heard, after a long Absence.

THOU dearest of friends to my heart ever known,
 Whose enjoyments and sufferings have still been my own,
 Since early we met in susceptible youth,
 When glowing for virtue, and toiling for truth;
 To God one petition, with steady regard, 5
 With ardor incessant, my spirit preferr'd,
 Thy life to protract, and thy blessings augment,
 Now my wish is obtain'd, and my bosom content.

You ask, by what means I my livelihood gain,
 And how my long conflict with fortune maintain? 10
 The question is kind, yet I cannot tell why,
 'Tis hard for a spirit like mine to reply.

If

If a friend with a friend must be free and sincere,
 My vesture is simple and sober my cheer ;
 But tho' few my resources, and vacant my purse, 15
 One comfort is left me, things cannot be worse.
 'Tis vain to repine, as philosophers say,
 So I take what is offer'd, and live as I may;
 To my wants, still returning, adapt my supplies,
 And find in my hope what my fortune denies. 20

To the powerful and great had I keenly apply'd,
 Had I toil'd for their pleasures, or flatter'd their pride,
 In splendour and wealth I perhaps might have flam'd,
 For learning, for virtue, for ev'ry thing fam'd.
 The gamester, th' informer, the quack, and the smuggler, 25
 The bully, the player, the mimic, the juggler,
 The dispenser of libels, the teller of fortunes,
 And others of equal respect and importance,
 Find high reputation and ample subsistence,
 Whilst craving necessity stands at a distance. 30

BUT who could determine, in soundness of brain,
 By priesthood, or poetry, life to sustain ?
 Our Maker to serve, or our souls to improve,
 Are tasks self-rewarded, and labours of love.
 Such with hunger and thirst are deservedly paid, 35
 'Tis glorious to starve by so noble a trade :
 'Tis guilt and ambition for priests to pretend
 Their fame to advance, and their fortune amend ;

B b

Their

Their fame and their fortune, by pious mankind,
Are such trifles esteem'd as no mortal should mind. 40

NOR less by the world is the heav'n-gifted bard,
In his visions abandon'd to find his reward.
Can sensations of wretchedness ever invade
That breast which Apollo his temple has made?
On the top of Parnassus his hermitage lies ; 45
And who can repine, when so near to the skies?
For him sweet ambrosia spontaneously grows ;
For him Aganippe spontaneously flows.
Tho' the bev'rage be cool, and æthereal the diet,
Fine souls, thus regal'd, should be happy and quiet. 50
But I, who substantial nutrition require,
Would rather the muses should feed than inspire.
And whilst lofty Pindus my fancy explores,
To earth the wild fugitive hunger restores.

YET lest what I mean be obscurely express'd, 55
No call is unanswer'd, no wish unredress'd :
But other resources supplied what was wanting,
Less barren employments than preaching or chanting.
For thee, whom I glory to claim as my friend,
May stars more propitious thy labours attend ; 60
On earth be thy prospect still smiling and bright,
And thy portion hereafter immortal delight.

The GENEALOGY of NONSENSE.

WITH long and careful scrutiny in vain,
 I search'd th' obscure recesses of my brain ;
 The muses oft, with mournful voice I woo'd,
 To find a plea for silence if they could.
 But thro' my search not one excuse appear'd,
 And not a muse would answer if she heard.
 Thus I remain'd in anxious, sad suspense,
 Despairing aid from reason or from sense,
 Till from a pow'r, of late well known to fame,
 Tho' not invoc'd, the wish'd solution came.

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Now night incumbent shaded half the ball,
 Silence assum'd her empire over all,
 While on my eyes imperfect slumbers spread
 Their downy wings, and hover'd round my head ;
 But still internal sense awake remain'd,
 And still its first solicitude retain'd ;
 When, lo ! with slow descent, obscurely bright,
 Yet cloath'd in darkness visible, not light,
 A form, high tow'ring to the distant skies,
 In mimic grandeur, stood before my eyes :
 As after storms waves faintly lash the shore,
 As hollow winds in rocky caverns roar,

15

20

Such were the sounds which pierc'd my trembling ear,
And chill'd my soul with more than common fear.

Thus spoke the Pow'r :—" From yon extended void, 25
 " Where Jove's creating hand was ne'er employ'd,
 " Where soft with hard, and heavy mix'd with light,
 " And heat with cold, maintain eternal fight ;
 " Where end the realms of order, form, and day ;
 " Where night and chaos hold primæval sway ; 30
 " Their first, their ever-darling offspring view,
 " Who comes thy wonted calmness to renew.
 " 'Ere yet the mountains rear'd their heads on high,
 " 'Ere yet the radiant sun illum'd the sky,
 " 'Ere swelling hills, or humble vales were seen, 35
 " Or woods the prospect chear'd with waving green ;
 " 'Ere nature was, my wond'rous birth I date,
 " More old than Chance, Necessity, or Fate ;
 " 'Ere yet the Muses touch'd the vocal lyre,
 " My reverend mother and tumultuous fire 40
 " Beheld my wond'rous birth with vast amaze,
 " And Discord's boundless empire roar'd my praise.

" In me, whate'er by nature is disjoin'd,
 " All opposite extremes involv'd you find :
 " Born to retain, by Fate's eternal doom, 45
 " My fire's confusion, and my mother's gloom.
 " Where'er extend the realms of letter'd pride,
 " With uncontroll'd dominion I preside ;

" Thro'

" Thro' its deep gloom I dart the doubtful ray,
 " And teach the learned idiots where to stray : 50
 " The labouring chemist, and profound divine,
 " Err, not seduc'd by Reason's light, but mine.
 " From me alone *these* boast the wond'rous skill
 " To make a myst'ry, more mysterious still ;
 " While *those* pursue by science, not their own, 55
 " The universal cure, and philosophic stone.
 " Thus, when the leaden pedant courts my aid,
 " To cover ignorance with learning's shade,
 " To swell the folio to a proper size,
 " And throw the clouds of art o'er nature's eyes, 60
 " My soporific pow'r the fages own ;
 " Hence by the sacred name of *Dulness* known :
 " But if mercurial scribblers pant for fame,
 " Those I inspire, and *Nonsense* is my name.
 " Sustain'd by me, thy muse first took her flight, 65
 " I circumscrib'd its limits and its height ;
 " By me she sinks, by me she soars along ;
 " I rule her silence, and I prompt her song."

My doubts resolv'd, the Goddess wing'd her flight
 Dissolv'd in air, and mix'd with formless night. 70
 Much more the muse, reluctant, must suppress,
 For all the pow'r of time and fate confess ;
 Too soft her accents, and too weak her pray'r,
 For time or fate, or cruel *posts* to hear.

ODE

ODE, on MELISSA's Birth-day.

I.

YE nymphs and swains, whom love inspires
 With all his pure and faithful fires,
 Hither with joyful steps repair;
 You who his tenderest transports share!
 For lo! in beauty's gayest pride,
 Summer expands her bosom wide;
 The fun no more in clouds inshrind,
 Darts all his glories unconfin'd;
 The feather'd choir from every spray
 Salute Melissa's natal day.

II.

HITHER ye nymphs and shepherds haste,
 Each with a flow'ry chaplet grac'd,
 With transport while the shades resound,
 And nature spreads her charms around;
 While ev'ry breeze exhales perfumes,
 And Bion his mute pipe resumes;
 With Bion long diffus'd to play,
 Salute Melissa's natal day.

III.

FOR Bion long deplor'd his pain
 Thro' woods and devious wilds in vain;

At last impell'd by deep despair,
 The swain preferr'd his ardent pray'r;
 His ardent pray'r Meliffa heard,
 And every latent sorrow chear'd,
 His days with social rapture blest,
 And sooth'd each anxious care to rest.
 Tune, shepherds, tune the festive lay,
 And hail Meliffa's natal day.

25

IV.

With nature's incense to the skies
 Let all your fervid wishes rise,
 That heav'n and earth may join to shed
 Their choicest blessings on her head;
 That years protracted, as they flow,
 May pleasures more sublime bestow;
 While by succeeding years furpast,
 The happiest still may be the last;
 And thus each circling sun display,
 A more auspicious natal day.

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35

ODE.

ODE to AURORA.

On MELISSA's Birth-day.

OF Time and Nature eldest born,
 Emerge thou rosy-finger'd morn,
 Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
 And chace from heav'n night's envious shade,
 That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
 And hail Melissa's natal day.

OF time and nature eldest born,
 Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn :
 In order at the eastern gate
 The Hours to draw thy chariot wait ;
 Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
 Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
 With odours sweet to strew thy way,
 And grace the bland, revolving day.

BUT as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
 That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
 And as his stronger glories rise,
 Diffus'd around th' expanded skies,
 Till cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
 All heav'n's vast concave flames with light;

5

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So

So, when, thro' life's protracted day,
 Melissa still pursues her way,
 Her virtues with thy splendor vie,
 Increasing to the mental eye:
 Tho' less conspicuous, not less dear, 25
 Long may they Bion's prospect chear;
 So shall his heart no more repine,
 Blest'd with her rays, tho' robb'd of thine.

TO DR. EVANS.

DEAR Doctor, as it is most fit,
 Your accusation I admit
 In all its force, nor rack my brain,
 By quirks and subterfuges vain,
 To throw my conduct into shade, 5
 And thus your just rebuke evade.
 But, since convicted now I stand,
 And wait correction from your hand,
 Be merciful as thou art strong,
 And recognise the power of song. 10
 For, while in accents deep and hoarse,
 She breathes contrition and remorse,
 The Muse's penitential strain,
 For pardon cannot sue in vain.
 But, let me, with profound respect, 15
 A sad mistake of your's correct.

C c.

When

When once th' Aonian maids discover
 Some favour for a youthful lover,
 You think their passion still as keen
 For him at sixty as sixteen. 20
 Alas the sex you little know,
 Their ruling passion is a *Beau*.
 The wrinkl'd brow, th' extinguish'd eye,
 From female hearts ne'er gain a sigh.
 The brilliant glance, the cheek vermil, 25
 Th' elastic nerve, th' enchanting smile,
 These, only these, can hearts confine
 Of ladies human, or divine.
 No mind, immortal tho' it be,
 From life's vicissitudes is free. 30
 The man who labours to acquit
 Of imperfection human wit,
 Will find he undertakes a task
 That proves what his opponents ask;
 And feel, to his eternal cost, 35
 His own attempts refute his boast.
 Forc'd, by experience and sensation,
 I make this humble declaration:
 For, should my pride my words restrain,
 These lays would shew the fact too plain. 40
 Cloth'd in a lion's skin, the ass
 At first might for a lion pass;
 But when the stupid creature bray'd,
 His real self he soon betray'd,
 And every stick and every stone 45
 Were us'd, to shew him he was known.

Thus,

Thus, batter'd by sarcastic sneers,
 I shut my mouth and hide my ears;
 Bless'd, if unhurt I may elude
 The observation of the crowd:
 Yet spite of all the ills that prey
 On ebbing life, from day to day,
 It warm'd my veins with youthful fire,
 And rais'd my heart a cubit higher,
 To hear your own kind words express
 Your competition and success.
 So, when portentous symptoms threat
 Your patients with impending fate,
 At your approach may they recede,
 And sickness lift its drooping head;
 While health and joy your nod obey,
 And fly where'er you point their way:
 One great atchievement still remains,
 One triumph, worthy of your pains;
 Could you the thefts of Time restore,
 And make me what I was of yore,
 In spite of fortune's utmost spleen,
 Which bards oft feel to intervene,
 I might, perhaps, as friend with friend,
 At Shrewsbury some evenings spend;
 There, in abuse that meant no harm,
 Assert the soul of humour warm;
 And laugh at those whose lives provoke
 The satire we effuse in joke.

And, now, perhaps, you wish to know, 75
 With your old friends, how matters go;
 What state of health they still enjoy
 And how their various hours employ?
 But this detail more glibly flows
 In easy stile and humble prose; 80
 And, with more patience, will be heard,
 To my Melissa when transferr'd.
 If faults acknowledg'd be forgiven,
 And all our former odds made even,
 Pray write me soon, to let me see 85
 How much superior you can be
 To doctors in divinity.
 Meanwhile, believe me still sincere,
 Whatever guise my conduct wear,
 And still with friendship, no less fervent, 90
 Your most obedient, humble servant.

To MR. DALZEL, Professor of Greek in the
University of Edinburgh.

YE fairy fields, where youthful fancy stray'd,
Ye landscapes vested in eternal green,
Cease my reluctant absence to upbraid;
Each joy I lose, when you no more are seen.

The raptur'd heart, th'enthusiastic eye,
The bright conception darting through the mind,
From my remotest hopes how far they fly,
And leave a gloomy solitude behind?

Æthereal people of each glowing scene,
Which meditation pictur'd in my sight,
Of ever beauteous and celestial mien:
Why sink you thus amid the shades of night?

No more the harp shall Polyhymnia tune,
No warbling flute Euterpe's breath inspire,
Ah! why for ever silent, why so soon
Should every muse forbear to strike the lyre?

To me a faded form e'en nature wears;
Its vivid colours every flow'r resigns,
The blasted lawns no tint of verdure cheers,
Shorn of his beams the sun more faintly shines.

Age, hood-wink'd Age, exterminates the whole,
 She o'er the prospect night and horror spreads;
 Her endless winter intercepts the soul,
 From limpid fountains and enchanted meads.

O come, *Dalzel* *, whose comprehensive view,
 Whate'er the muse exhibits, can survey,
 The flying phantom teach me to pursue,
 Direct my course, and animate my lay.

25

Yet from th' ungrateful bosom of the tomb

Should Jason's magic wife emerge once more,
 Nor thou, nor she, my genius could relume;
 Nor thou, nor she, the flame of youth restore.

30

* This gentleman delivered a course of critical lectures on poetry, which did honour to the seminary in which he is engaged, and to the country where he lives.

TO DR. DOWNMAN, in London.

TO the fond Muse, who sings of rural joys,
 Involv'd in politics, and smoke and noise
 Her Scotian sister gratulation sends,
 Pleas'd that her taste, not on her place depends.
 For oft contagions in the city breeze,
 Hovering unseen, unfelt, the fancy seize:
 Surrounding objects catch the roving eye,
 And tastes with situations oft comply.
 There party-passion wears the form of truth,
 Pleasure in virtue's mask seduces youth,
 Still hanging round the sweet Circean bowl,
 To warp the judgment, and pervert the foul.
 Ye early plans, and wishes, then adieu,
 We seek not what is fair, but what is new;
 Each former prepossession leaves the heart,
 And nature yields to meretricious art.

Oh! if in heav'n some chosen curse remain,
 Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings flash in vain,
 Curs'd be the wretch who cities first design'd,
 To blast each native worth of human kind.
 When first Astrea saw their strictures rise,
 Fir'd with indignant rage, she fought the skies.

Th'

Th' ingenuous wish, that in one wide embrace
 Clasp'd nature's frame, and glow'd for all her race,
 Fair hospitality, in blessing blest, 25
 Primeval candor, of translucent breast,
 With horror shuddering at the baneful sight,
 Retir'd, the vow'd companions of her flight:
 Then from her bosom hell disgorg'd her train,
 The lust of pleasure, and the thirst of gain, 30
 Then pride luxurious rear'd her crest on high,
 Deceit then forg'd the name, and clogg'd the die,
 Then lawless tyrants from the throne decreed
 Virtue to toil, and innocence to bleed.
 In heart a tiger, tho' in looks a child, 35
 Affassination stabb'd his friend, and smil'd;
 While perjury, with unaverted eye,
 Invok'd the god of truth, to seal a lie.

O CONSCIOUS peace! to few indulg'd by fate,
 When shall I find once more thy dear retreat? 40
 When shall my steps the guiltless scenes explore,
 Where virtue's smiles the age of gold restore
 Where charity to all her arms extends,
 And as she numbers faces, numbers friends?
 Where unaffected sympathy appears, 45
 In cordial smiles, or undissembled tears?
 Where Innocence and Mirth, the farmer's wealth,
 Walk hand and hand with Exercise and Health?
 Nor when the setting sun withdraws his ray,
 And labour closes with the closing day, 50

Would

Would I, with haughty insolence, avoid
 The scenes where simple nature is enjoy'd;
 But pleas'd, in frolic, or discourse engage
 With sportive youth, or hospitable age,
 Exert my talents to amuse the throng
 In wond'rous legend, or in rural song. 55

Thus, by no wish for alteration seiz'd,
 My neighbours pleasing, with my neighbours pleas'd,
 Exempt from each excess of bliss or woe,
 My setting hours should uniformly flow, 60
 Till nature to the dust these limbs consign'd,
 Leaving a short, but well-earn'd fame behind.

For thee, whom nature and the muse inspire
 With taste refin'd, and elegant desire,
 'Tis thine, where'er thou mov'st, thy bliss to find, 65
 Drawn from the native treasures of thy mind;
 To brighten life with love or friendship's ray,
 Or through *the Muse's land* in raptures stray.
 Oh! may thy soul her fav'rite objects gain,
 And not a wish aspire to heav'n in vain! 70
 Full on thy latest hours may genius shine,
 And each domestic happiness be thine!

To the S A M E.

Y ES, 'tis resolv'd, in nature's spite,
 Nay more, resolv'd in rhyme to write:
 Tho' to my chamber's walls confin'd
 By beating rains, and roaring wind,
 Tho' lowring, as the wintry sky,
 Involv'd in spleen my spirits lye,
 Tho' cold, as hyperborean fnows,
 No feeble ray of genius glows,
 To friendship tribute let me pay,
 And gratitude's behests obey.

WHILST man in this precarious station
 Of struggle and of fluctuation,
 Protracts his being, is it strange
 That humour, genius, wit, should change?
 The mind which most of force inherits,
 Must feel vicissitude of spirits:
 And happiest they, who least deprest,
 Of life's bad bargain make the best.
 Thus, tho' my song he can't commend,
 Th' attempt will please my gentle friend;
 For he of life's uncertain round
 The cloudy and serene hath found.

CHEARING, as summer's balmy showers,
 To thirsty herbs and languid flowers,
 Your late epistle reach'd my ear,
 And fill'd my heart with joy sincere.
 Before my eyes in prospect plain
 Appear'd the consecrated fane.

Where *Friendship's* holy presence shines,
 And grief disarms, and bliss refines.

Long may the beauteous fabric rise,
 Unite all hearts and charm all eyes,

Above contingency and time,
 Stable as earth, as heav'n sublime!
 And while its more than solar light

Thro' nature's frame flows piercing bright,

May we thro' life's ambiguous maze
 Imbibe its most auspicious rays;

View unimpair'd its sweet existence,
 By length of years, or local distance;

And while our hearts revolve the past,
 Still feel its warmest moments last!

With each kind with which friendship knows,
 For you *Melissa's* bosom glows.

Her heart capacious and sincere,

Where those once priz'd must still be dear,

Tho' long of silence she complains,

For *Thespia* all her love retains.

Now, whether prose your fancy please,

The stile of elegance and ease,

Or whether strains so debonair,
 As might from anguish charm despair,
 To us at least a pittance deal,
 Who long to see your hand and seal.

TO MELISSA.

Written in the Year 1790.

DEAR, welcome sharer of my breast;
 Of friends the kindest and the best,
 What numbers shall the Muse employ,
 To speak my gratitude and joy?
 Twice ten times has the circling year,
 And oftener, finish'd its career;
 Since first in Hymen's sacred bands,
 With mingl'd hearts we join'd our hands.

Auspicious hour! from whence I date
 The brightest colours of my fate;
 From whence felicity alone,
 To my dejected heart was known.
 For then, my days from woe to screen,
 Thy watchful tenderness was seen;

Nor

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

213

Nor did its kind attentions miss
To heighten and improve my bliss.

15

OFT have I felt its pleasing power
Delude the solitary hour ;
Oft has it charm'd the cruel smart,
When pain and anguish rack'd my heart.
Thus may our days which yet remain,
Be free from bitterness and pain !
So limpid streams still purer grow,
For ever bright'ning as they flow.

20

WHEN death must come, for come it will,
And I heav'n's purposes fulfil,
When heart with heart, and soul with soul
Blending, I reach life's utmost goal,
When nature's debt this frame shall pay,
And earth receive my mortal clay ;
Not unconcern'd shalt thou behold
My ashes mingling with the mold ;
But drop a tear, and heave a sigh,
Yet hope to meet me in the sky ;
When, life's continual suff'rings o'er,
We joyful meet, to part no more.

25

30

35

On

On DR. BLACKLOCK's Birth-day*.

By Mrs. BLACKLOCK.

PROPITIOUS day! to me for ever dear;
 Oh! may'st thou still return from year to year,
 Replete with choicest blessings heav'n can send,
 And guard from ev'ry harm my dearest friend.
 May we together tread life's various maze,
 In strictest virtue, and in grateful praise
 To thee, kind Providence, who hast ordain'd
 One for the other sympathetic friend.
 And when life's current in our veins grows cold,
 Let each the other to their breast enfold
 Their other dearer self; with age oppress'd,
 Then, gracious God, receive us both to rest.

* These verses, the only verses ever attempted by Mrs. Blacklock, are to be considered, not as a specimen of a poetical genius, which she never pretended to possess, but as an expression of her affection for her husband, and her veneration for that amiable disposition, and that divine gift of poetry, with which he was so eminently blessed. *Editor.*

From

From Dr. DOWNMAN to Mrs. BLACKLOCK.

Occasioned by a Copy of Verses she addressed to her Husband *.

A S round Parnassus on a day
 Melissa idly chanc'd to stray,
 She gather'd from its native bed,
 As there it grew, a rose-bud red.
 Mean time Calliopé came by,
 And Hymen, with obsequious eye,
 Watching her looks, gallantly trod;
 Fair was the muse, and bright the god.
 The mortal, at th' unwonted sight
 Was struck with dread, as well she might.
 When thus the queen; " How could'st thou dare,
 " Without my passport, venture here?
 " That rose-bud cast upon the plain,
 " And seek thy pristine shades again."
 But Hymen thus the muse bespoke;
 " Oh! Goddess dear, thine ire revoke!
 For, if I err not, on my life,
 This wanderer is our *Blacklock's* wife.
 At which she smiling milder grew,
 For him of yore full well she knew.
 Then Hymen thus address'd the dame;
 " She pardons, tho' she still must blame.
 " But take the rose-bud in your hand,
 " And say, you bring, at *my* command,
 " That present from Parnassus' grove,
 " A grateful flower of married love."

From

* See former Page.

From Dr. DOWNMAN to Dr. BLACKLOCK.

EDINA's walls can Fancy see,
 And not, my BLACKLOCK, think on thee?
 'Ere I that gentle name forget,
 This flesh must pay great nature's debt.
 Hail! worthiest of the sons of men,
 Not that the Muses held thy pen,
 And plac'd before thy mental sight
 Each hue of intellectual light :
 But that a gen'rous soul is thine,
 Richer by far than Plutus' mine ;
 With utmost niceness fram'd to feel
 Another's woe, another's weal ;
 Where friendship heap'd up all her store,
 That glorious treasure of the poor,
 To grovelling vanity unknown,
 Not to be purchas'd by a throne ;
 Where Patience, Resignation's child,
 Misfortune of her power beguil'd ;
 Where Love her purple cestus bound
 Where a retirement Virtue found,
 Contentment a perpetual treat,
 And Honour a delightful seat ;
 Religion could with Pleasure feast,
 And met no Bigot, tho' a Priest.

A N

AN
E S S A Y
ON THE
EDUCATION OF THE BLIND;

OR,

An Explication of the different Means, confirmed by successful Experiments, to render them capable of Reading by the Assistance of Touch, and of printing Books, in which they may obtain the Knowledge of Languages, of History, of Geography, of Music, &c. of performing the different Offices necessary in mechanical Employments, &c.

DEDICATED TO THE KING,

By M. H A Û Y,

Interpreter to his Majesty, the Admiralty of France, and the Hôtel de Ville, of the City of Paris; Member and Professor of the Academical Office for Writing, in which Ancient and Foreign Characters are taught to be read and ascertained.

P A R I S:

Printed in the Original by BLIND CHILDREN, under the Superintendance of M. Cloufier, Printer to the King, and sold for their Benefit at the House where they are educated, in the Street called *Rue Notre Dame des Victoires.*

M DCC LXXXVI.

Under the Patronage of the Academy of Sciences.

AN

ESSAYS

ON THE

EDUCATION OF THE BLIND

An Exposition of the different Means, contrived by the Author, to render them capable of Reading by the Assistance of Touch, and of printing Books, in which they may obtain the Knowledge of Languages, of History, of Geography, of Music, &c. of performing the different Offices necessary in mechanical Employments, &c.

DEDICATED TO THE KING

By M. HAY.

Interpreter to his Majesty, the Admiralty at France, and the Honorable de Ville, of the City of Paris; Member and Inspector of the Academi- cal Office for Writing, in which Ancient and Foreign Characters are taught to be read and distinguished.

P A R I S.

Printed in the Original by Jean Goussier, under the Inspection of M. Chénier, Printer to the King, and sold for the Benefit of the House where they are educated, in the Street called Rue Notre Dame des Victoires.

M DCC LXXXVI.

Under the Patronage of the Academy of Sciences.

DEDICATION.

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their Sovereign, by the Young and unhappy, who have
been early deprived of the Benefit of Light, with all its
numerous and important Resources.

To the KING of FRANCE.

SIRE,

THE Protection with which your Majesty honours distinguished Talents ascertains your Claim to their Reverence and Respect. But when their Productions have a Tendency to console the Miseries of suffering Humanity, they have still a more powerful Title to attract the Attention of Louis the Beneficent. It was under the Influence of Sentiments inspired by a Title so amiable, which is deeply engraven on all the Hearts of France, that I conceived the Desire of presenting to your Majesty the Fruits of my Labours ; if they have any Value, they will owe it to the double Advantage of appearing under a Patronage so august, and of becoming Vehicles to the Bounty expected from

their Sovereign, by the Young and unhappy, who have been early deprived of the Benefit of Light, with all its numerous and important Resources.

I am,

With the profoundest Respect,

Sire,

Your Majesty's most humble,

most obedient,

and most faithful Subject and Servant,

H A Æ Y.

P R E F A C E.

AMONGST the unfortunate, who have been deprived, whether from the instant of their birth, or by some early accident in the course of their lives, of that organ which most sensibly contributes to our enjoyment of the delights and advantages arising from society, there have been found some who, by the pregnancy of their genius, and the force and perseverance of its exertions, have found out for themselves certain employments, which they were able to execute, and by these pursuits have proved successful in alleviating the miseries of a situation, in itself so afflicting. Some of them, full of penetration, have enriched their memories with productions of genius, and have imbibed from the charms of conversation or from reading, at which they were happily present, knowledge of a nature and extent which it was impossible for them either to acquire or collect from their own internal resources alone, or from the precious repositories in which it was confined. Others, endued with a dexterity, which might do honour to the most enlightened artist, have performed mechanical tasks with an exactness, neatness, and symmetry, which could only have been expected from hands informed and regulated by the advantage of sight. But in spite of these happy dispositions in the blind, these marvellous exhibitions, which ought rather to be called prodigies, than natural events, could only be, in the persons by whom they were displayed, the slow results of indefatigable industry and obstinate application, and seemed alone to have been reserved for a small number amongst them, who were peculiarly prerogated by nature, whilst

whilst the rest of their brethren appeared consigned by destiny to idleness, languor and dependence, without a possibility of escaping from a duration so horrible in its nature, and so permanent in its continuance. Thus with respect to all social utility and importance, people in these unhappy circumstances were to be accounted dead members, even in those societies where their existence was protracted, and its exigencies supplied; and the most part of them victims at once to the double calamity of blindness and indigence, had no other portion assigned them but the miserable and sterile resource of begging, for protracting, if we may so speak, in the horrors of a dungeon the moments of a painful and burdensome existence. It is to be essentially serviceable to this class of suffering mortals that I have invented a General Plan of Institution, which, by principles and utensils proper for their use, might facilitate to some of these what they could not otherwise accomplish, without almost insuperable difficulty, and render practicable to others, what it appeared impossible for them to execute. I felt the difficulty of this enterprise in its full extent, that it was too arduous to be performed by myself alone; I have therefore been assiduous in my researches for support and assistance. Beneficent characters have, on all hands, exerted themselves with ardour, that they might co-operate in promoting this labour of love. They have laid the foundation of a fabric whose structure will at once reflect honour on their own hearts and on the age which their lives adorn. Each of them indeed, with a laudable emulation, seems to have disputed with me for the cordial pleasure of perfecting and finishing a monument so congenial and so grateful to humanity; and I confess it with delight, if it was permitted to any to claim an honour from such an undertaking, it is they more than any one else, who have a just claim

claim to that honour. I shall therefore avoid, in the sequel of this work, every expression which may seem to imply any design of appropriating that merit to myself; and I shall there speak only in the person of those who have insured their unalienable right to my gratitude, whether they have contributed to the maturity of this plan by the exertions of their understanding, or by any other means.

ADVERTISMENT to the French Edition.

The Frontispiece of the original Work, the Dedication, the Preface, this Advertisement, the Notes, the Opinion of the Academy of Sciences, and that of the Printer, the Examples of the forms of the several operations in printing, which may be executed by the blind, and the Table of Contents, have been printed by blind children in the typographical characters generally used. For what remains of the work, they have employed the characters inverted for their peculiar use; the impression of which they trace in reading, when the creases made in the paper by the types are nearly effaced.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT to the French Edition.

THE Frontispiece of the original Work, the Dedication, the Preface, this Advertifement, the Notes, the Opinion of the Academy of Sciences, and that of the Printers, the Examples of the forms of the feveral operations in printing, which may be executed by the blind, and the Table of Contents, have been printed by blind children in the typographical characters generally ufed. For what remains of the work, they have employed the characters invented for their peculiar ufe *, the impreffion of which they trace in reading, when the creafes, made in the paper by the types, are not effaced.

* A fpecimen has been fent for from Paris, and will be annexed, if it can be procured.

A N
E S S A Y
ON THE
EDUCATION OF BLIND CHILDREN.

C H A P I.

The Intention of this Plan.

BEFORE we give an account of the motives of our institution, let us be permitted to say a few words on that readiness which we declare ourselves to possess, not only to answer all the objections which may be urged against us, but even to enter into a minute detail of all the circumstances, whose solution the public have a right to expect from us. Though there is scarcely any invention, which has not, by its novelty, excited the clamour of envy and of ignorance, we are bold enough to flatter ourselves that our plan has nothing to fear from the malignity of their attacks. The nature of our design, the wisdom of the age in which we live, the humanity of our countrymen, all these circumstances conspire

F f

to

to assure us, that we shall only have to resolve, in the sequel of this work, such difficulties as may be proposed by a wise and well-intended criticism; a criticism rather designed to favour our attempts, than to discourage us in their prosecution. It is with this hope that we are determined to answer every objection which shall appear to us, either as lying against the motives or plan of cultivation, which we have proposed for the blind. We will do more, we will endeavour to dissipate, in the imagination of our readers, every prepossession, even in our favour, which may deceive those who have not been present at our probationary exhibitions, and to whom the too zealous partizans of our plan may have represented as marvellous and unaccountable, such circumstances as are its natural and proper effects. In offering thus a faithful delineation of our method, considered in its proper point of view, it is our intention to leave no impressions on the minds of the public with respect to our establishment, but such real and just ideas as they ought to entertain: to teach the blind reading, by the assistance of books, where the letters are rendered palpable, by their elevation above the surface of the paper, and by means of this reading, to instruct them in the art of printing, of writing, of arithmetic, the languages, history, geography, mathematics, music, &c. to put into the hands of these unfortunate people such arts and occupations as are merely mechanical; spinning, for instance, knitting, book-binding, &c. From such an institution, two objects are in view, both of which benevolent men will own to be of importance.

First, To employ those among them who are in easy circumstances, in an agreeable manner. *Secondly*, To rescue from the miseries of beggary, those to whom fortune has been parsimonious

nious of her favours, by putting the means of subsistence in their power; and, in short, to render useful to society their hands, as well as those of their guides.

SUCH is the end pursued by our institutions.

CHAPTER II.

Answer to the Objection against the Utility of this Plan.

THE public has done us the justice unanimously to agree, that we have accomplished the first object of our institution, in presenting an amusement to the blind who share the bounties of fortune; and if any doubt have arisen, it can only be concerning the possibility of realising the hopes which we have given of blending in our establishment the useful with the agreeable. "In teaching your blind," say the objectors, "all the parts of education which you propose, can you have conceived the project of peopling the republic of letters and arts with men of learning, professors, and artists, each of whom, though blind, shall be capable of making a distinguished figure in these conspicuous departments, or can they even be certain of deriving the means of subsistence each from the labours of his own vocation?" No, we never pretend that those of the blind who even discover the most shining parts, shall enter into competition, either in the liberal sciences, or mechanical arts, with scholars or artisans who are blessed with the use of

fight, even when their talents rise not above mediocrity ; but when any or all of these provinces are not properly supplied with persons who, to the advantage of fight add professional abilities, the blind, may then exert their powers, whether natural or acquired, as well in promoting private as public utility ; and in this view, it requires no mighty effort of courage to recommend them to the public benevolence and attention ; and though their talents should not be sufficient to pre-engage the general taste in their favour, or the necessity of employing them, so considerable as to open a resource for their exigencies, yet the force of humanity alone may be adequate to produce an effect so desirable. How often have we already seen beneficence ingenious in prescribing tasks to these unhappy labourers, that it might have an opportunity of supplying their indigence without wounding their delicacy. This is what at first occurs as an answer to the objection urged against the general utility of our plan, till our readers be convinced by a detail of this work, and still more effectually by experience, to what degree our scheme of education may be carried, and how essentially it may contribute to the subsistence of those among the blind who are born in the depth of want and obscurity.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Of Reading, as adapted to the Practice of the Blind.

READING is the only method of adorning the memory, so that it may command the stores which it has imbibed, with facility, promptitude, and method. It is, as it were, the channel through which every different kind of knowledge is communicated to us. Without this medium, literary productions could form nothing in the human mind but a confused heap of disarranged and fluctuating ideas. To teach the blind therefore to read, and to form a library proper for their use, must constitute the object of our first care. Before our time, various, but ineffectual experiments had been tried; sometimes, by the assistance of characters moving upon a board and raised above its surface (*a*); at other times, by the use of letters formed upon paper with the puncture of a pin (*b*), the principles or elementary characters of reading had been rendered obvious to the perception of the blind. Already had the wonders of the art of writing, which before had appeared chimerical, been realised. Already, under their touch, which was now found a

(*a*) It is without doubt, by these means that the blind man of Puisieux, of whom M. Diderot speaks in his letter on the blind, page 8. taught his son to read.

(*b*) We have seen some words thus marked by punctures upon cards in the hands of Mlle Paradis. This virtuosa is 20 years of age; she was born in Vienna in Austria, the place of her ordinary residence. A kind of apoplexy deprived her suddenly of her sight, at the age of two years. She has principally applied herself to music, and constituted in 1784, at Paris, the chief pleasures of the spiritual concert.

substi-

substitute for vision, had the conceptions of the blind assumed a body. But these gross and imperfect utensils only presented to the blind the possibility of attaining and enjoying the pleasures and advantages of reading, without affording them the proper means for acquiring them. We had no difficulty in exploring them; their principles had existed for a long time, and were daily exhibited to our eyes. We had observed, that a printed leaf, issuing from the press, presented to the eye on the contrary side, the letters higher than its surface, but reversed both in their position and in their order.

WE ordered typographical characters to be cast of the form in which their impression strikes our eyes, and by applying to these a paper wet, as the printers do, we produced the first exemplar which had till then appeared of letters whose elevation renders them obvious to the touch, without the intervention of sight. Such was the origin of a library for the use of the blind.

AFTER having successively employed characters of different sizes, according as we found the touch of our pupils more or less delicate and susceptible, it appeared proper to us, at least during the first periods of our progress, to confine ourselves to that type which has been used in printing the greatest part of this work. This character appears to us as a proper medium amongst those which can be felt and distinguished by different individuals who are deprived of sight, according to the various degrees of tactile nicety with which nature has endued them; or at least according to the degrees of sensibility which diversities of age or occupation may have left them. It will be easily conceived, that when these means are found, there is no more difficulty in teaching a blind person the principles of reading, than in teaching one, whose visual powers

powers are in their highest perfection, and that the blind may pass, by an easy transition, from the perception of typographical to that of written characters. We do not here speak of characters written in the manner of those who see; for all our endeavours to form characters rising to the touch by the assistance of ink have proved abortive. We have therefore substituted in their place impressions made upon strong paper, with an iron pen, whose point is not slit. It is unnecessary to mention, that in writing to the blind we do not make use of ink, that the character is deeply impressed, distinctly separated, a little larger than common, and nearly of the same kind with those now in the hands of our reader; that, in short, we never write but on the side of the paper contrary to that which is read, and in such a manner that the position and order of the letters may appear proper when the page is turned. These precautions being scrupulously observed, the blind may read tolerably letters from their correspondents who see, those formed by their own hands, or by the hands of others in similar circumstances. (c) They will do more, they will equally distinguish, on the same paper, musical characters and others, rendered sensible by our method of procedure, as we shall immediately shew in the sequel.

(c) M. Weissenbourg, a boy dwelling at Manheim, having become blind between the seventh and eighth year of his age, celebrated for the knowledge which he has acquired, has preserved the faculty of writing; but this advantage, which is only an object of curiosity, will become of real utility, if, as we hope, he adopts our method.

C H A P. IV.

Answer to various Objections against the Method of Reading proposed for the Blind.

1. "THE elevation of your characters will doubtless be very soon depressed," says an objector, "and of consequence no longer perceptible to the blind by touch." No person is ignorant of the acuteness of that sense in several individuals, who from their infancy have been obliged to use it, in order to supply the want of that which nature has denied them. A surface which appears the smoothest to our eye, presents to the fingers of the blind inequalities which escape the notice of that organ, though by its assistance those who see exult in being able to perceive the remotest stars that adorn the spacious concave of heaven; and when our pupils distinguish a typographical character by feeling, which may elude even a microscopic eye, when between the thickness of two given objects, if the one differs from the other only by the fourth part of a French line, they can clearly perceive that difference; when, in short, they read a series of words, after the elevation of the letters is depressed, what have we to fear from the frequent use of their books, except the absolute destruction of the volumes themselves, a misfortune to which those who see are equally liable?

2. "Your books," it is objected, "are too voluminous. You swell a 12mo to the enormous and unwieldy size of a folio; and by thus altering its convenient form, you render it less portable and useful." We might satisfy ourselves with answering to this objection,

objection that our art of printing is yet in its infancy, but progressive, and may perhaps one day become perfect, as that which is obvious to the sight has already done; that it may likewise have its Elzivers, its Barbours, its Peters, its Didot, &c. And since its commencement, how many and how important are the obligations which it already owes to M. Cloufier printer to the King, who assists us by his advice with as much zeal as disinterestedness?

We add, that, during the interval between its present and its more perfect state, we are employed in adapting a method of epitomising, which will considerably diminish the size of our volumes. Of this we hope to give the first specimen, in a work which will be immediately printed after this is finished. (*d*) Besides, we will make a selection of authors, nor shall any one enter into our press, but such works as by their reputation have merited that distinction; so that, on one hand, if by the magnitude of our characters we enlarge our volumes, on the other, we shall lessen them by a judicious abridgement; and perhaps one day the library of the blind may become the library of taste and learning.

3. “ But confess then, that your blind scholars read slowly, and “ that the spirit of the most animated composition will evaporate “ beneath their fingers, while the words are languidly pronounced without energy and without emotion.” Our pupils, it is true, read in slow succession; besides the little practice, which an institution so lately begun allows them in reading, they have the disadvantage of only perceiving one letter at once, as readers who see themselves must do, were their eyes obliged to traverse an opening

(*d*) Examples of these abbreviations, within the capacity and reach of all readers, are in the Treatises of Philosophy, in the Dictionaries, the new Methods and other Elementary Books of Education.

between each letter, equal to the space occupied by one typographical character in this work.

But we hope that after frequent practice in reading, and in making use of the abbreviations we have mentioned above, our blind pupils will proceed with greater quickness. Besides, we have never entertained the ambition of qualifying them to be readers for princes, or to declaim in public with all the graces of oratory. Let them only, by means of reading, learn the elements of science; let them find in this exercise an effectual remedy against that intolerable melancholy, which corporeal darkness, and mental inactivity united in the same person, are too apt to produce; these ends attained, will fully accomplish our wishes.

4. “ But what good purpose will it serve to teach the blind the letters? Why instruct them in the art of printing books for their peculiar use? They never will be able to read ours. And, from the knowledge which they will acquire by reading, will any considerable advantage result to society?” Permit us, in our turn, to ask you, To what purpose is it that books are printed amongst all the people who surround us, and exclusively intended for the peculiar use of each? Do you read the language of the Chinese, that of Malabar, or of Turkey? Can you interpret the Peruvian Quipos, and so many other tongues indispensably necessary to those who understand them? Should you then be transported to China, to the banks of the Ganges, to the Ottoman empire, or to Peru, you will there be precisely in the same predicament with one of our blind pupils. With regard to the utility which the knowledge of a blind man in reading may produce to society, without deviating from the sentiment expressed near the end of the following page of this work, we may with pleasure appeal for its reality to the experiment so often repeated under our own eyes, and of which the
public

public itself has been a witness in our exhibitions, we mean the experiment of a blind child teaching one who saw to read (*e*). We appeal for its reality to the example of the blind person at Puy-seaux (*f*). We appeal to you, in short, ye tender and respectable parents, born to a liberal share of fortune's favours, whose son is just entered into the world, but shall never see the light of heaven; what a sensible satisfaction it is to us to find ourselves in a capacity to alleviate the transports of your grief! Yes, our plan of education bids fair on one hand to restore to your son, already tenderly loved, the dearest prerogative of intellectual existence; on the other, to furnish you with the means of gratifying those desires with which your taste for learning and genius inspires you, to procure him an education worthy of a child born in a distinguished rank. And you men of learning, who enlighten us by your exertion of corporeal sight, if the fatigues of unremitted labour for our instruction should one day extinguish that organ, permit us at that unhappy crisis to offer you the means, at once of continuing the benefit of your lessons to us, and to you the enjoyment of an advantage of which they are in some measure the agreeable fruits. Homer, Belisarius, and Milton, afflicted with blindness, would with pleasure have consecrated to the service of their country those years of their lives which followed that catastrophe.

(*e*) According to the proposal made in advertisements, annunciations, and various intimations on the 3d of December 1786, page 3204, in the first article of demands, on the 5th of the same month we caused one of our blind to begin teaching a child who saw, to read. During the lessons the master had beneath his fingers a white book, printed in relief for the blind, whilst the other had under his eyes the same edition in black. This child gave, for the first time, proofs of his advancement in the exercises performed by the blind at Versailles, during the Christmas holidays in the same year.

(*f*) This blind person, as we have said before, note 11. gave to his son lessons in reading.

CHAP. V.

Of the Art of Printing, as practised by the Blind for their peculiar Use.

THE analogy which the manner of reading adapted to the blind, has with their method of printing, having reduced us to the necessity of giving by anticipation, in detail, some circumstances which relate to the origin of their art of printing, it remains for us to explain the principal operations of that art, as adapted to their practice. It will be much the same case with respect to the mechanical operations of printing among the blind, as with those who see. It is doubtless impossible for every individual to have an exclusive possession of it (g). The necessity of habitually knowing and practising the different branches of that art, the multiplicity and high price of the utensils requisite for its execution, the civil privileges with which its professors must be endued, all these conspiring obstacles limit its pursuit to a society of the blind, solely formed and intended for its practice. It is in our academy for their education where we hope to constitute the chief place, (if we may use the expression), from whence will issue such typographical productions, for instance, as are proper for the use of all the blind who in their misfortune shall have the sweet consolation of being born within

(g) One knows how easy it is to abuse printing in all respects; and not satisfied with the rectitude of our intentions, and the indulgence with which people have honoured our infant printing, the productions of which bear a character of originality easily distinguishable, we have formed to ourselves an inviolable rule not to suffer any thing printed to issue from us without the sanction of M. Cloufier, printer to the King, and which has not been executed under his eyes, or those of some person commissioned by him.

the dominions of our Monarch (*b*). Let us proceed to the manner in which our blind pupils perform their typographical labours. We have given to their cases the order of the alphabet, so as to preserve, immediately under their hands, the characters which they shall have most frequent occasion to use. We preferred that distribution under the apprehension that the blind would be less clever than we have really found them. It is upon the same principle that we make them set their types in a case lined with a copper bottom, and pierced with several lines of small holes, from whence, by the assistance of a pointed instrument, they bring out the types which are to be changed. It is upon the same principle that we cause to be adjusted, in the inside of these cases, iron rulers, (moveable by means of their screws), one at the side, and the other at the bottom of the page, to keep the lines in it regular. It is, in short, upon the same principle that we raise these cases horizontally in longitude upon four feet, of which the two that support the upper end of the page are one half lower than those upon which the under end rests; so that without making use of a composing-stick, the blind compositor may place the words at proper distances, and that they may not be inverted whilst he is composing the remainder of the page.

The way in which the typographical characters of the blind present themselves, naturally indicates that the arrangement ought to be made from left to right, as we have observed chap. 3d. And in order to make reading easy to the blind, at least in the first periods of their education, it may prove a happy expedient to leave spaces between the words, and even sometimes between the letters. It is

(*b*) Till establishments similar to ours be formed in other nations, it will be a pleasure to us to cause to be printed in relievo, and in other languages, by our blind pupils, books destined for the use of strangers who are deprived of sight.

easy

easy to see that when one prints in relievo, he cannot print on the other side without being in danger of destroying the former impression, by tracing which with their finger only, the blind can read. Likewise, for preserving the pages in the same order that they have in books for the use of those who see, the blind are obliged to paste together, back to back, by their extremities, the four pages of a sheet coming from the press; and then the arrangement of the cases is made in an order different from that of persons who see. Thus the leaves being pasted, they form them into books, by simply stitching and covering them with pasteboard, without beating them.

The office of the ordinary printing-press is easily done, by help of a cylindrical press, which is moved by a lever from one extremity to the other, along two bars of iron, between which are placed the forms, or pages that are set, after the manner of printers (*i*).

We may employ with success the same process for printing in relievo for the use of the blind, musical characters, geographical maps, the principal strokes of designing, and, in general, of all the figures of which the knowledge may be obtained by means of touch. It is upon account of these last objects above all, that we hope the admirable discovery of M. M. Hoffman will be precious to the blind; we share by anticipation their sentiments of gratitude towards those estimable artists (*k*).

To

(*i*) This press is the invention of Sieur Beaucher, chief lock-smith. It has amply and successfully accomplished our wishes, as to the facility with which it is managed without any great effort by a blind child, and by which it admits the mechanism which we have adapted to it. We believe, however, that a perpendicular pressure given to the whole leaf at the same instant, will leave behind it a more solid impression; we hope to find this in a press of another kind, which the Sieur Beaucher has described to us.

(*k*) Although in pages 8 and 14 of this work we have not repeated the names of some of the distinguished printers whom we have heard celebrated, we cannot forbear to confess,

To the prefs of which we have spoken a little above, we have thought it proper to add a kind of tympanum, by the assistance of which, the blind may, at their pleasure, tinge with black, copies of an edition perfectly similar to those which they print on white paper for their own private use.

This procedure, which is equally applicable to music, to geographical maps, or to designs, &c. puts the blind artist in a capacity, not only of giving an account to himself of all the productions which he wishes to convey to those who see, but likewise easily to direct their studies by the similarity of copies, on the supposition of his being employed to give them lessons.

C H A P. VI.

On the Art of Printing, as practised by the Blind for the Use of those who See.

IF we have been happy enough to discover the means of rendering printing useful to the blind for their own use; if it is to us that they

sees, that according to our manner of thinking, there are many others who appear to us to exercise their employment with *eclat*. We even perceive, in those who compose the body of this society, a general emulation. And obliged, by the nature of our institution, to serve a kind of apprenticeship to this art, we would quote with pleasure a considerable number of well-known productions from different presses which leave no further improvement to be wished; as well for the neatness of the characters, as for the choice of paper, and which have served us as models in the study of printing which we had to go through. Besides, far from erecting ourselves as judges in opposition to persons who cultivate the arts and sciences, whether from situation or taste, we praise even attempts that have not been crowned with success.

owe

owe the advantage of henceforth possessing libraries, and of taking from books formed on purpose for themselves, notions of letters, of languages, of history, of geography, of mathematics, of music, &c. we are not the first who dared to try to make them impress their ideas upon paper by help of typographical characters. We have seen in the hands of Mademoiselle Paradis (*l*) a letter printed by her in the character called *Pica*, and in the German language, full of sentiments the most delicate, as well as the best expressed. This attempt gave birth in my mind to the idea of applying the blind to the art of printing for the use of those who see; it has succeeded with us in every kind of work, whether with large or common types, as one may judge by the different specimens which they have exhibited, and which are to found at the end of this work, if they can possibly be procured.

After our manner of proceeding, the blind, formed according to our institution, compose a typographical plate in imitation of these models, with so much more ease as they are almost continually of the same form; it suffices to write for them the subject with a pen of iron, of which the top is not split, or with the handle of a pen-knife, as we have shewn above in the 3d chapter.

After having exercised the blind upon the different branches of the art of printing, in the manner of those who see, there are found few kinds in which they have not succeeded. We have seen them successively compose, adjust, impress, moisten the paper, touch it, print, &c. &c. (*m*). We appeal, besides, to competent judges in that affair, and we refer our readers to the report of M. M. the printers, which agrees with that of the Academy of Sciences.

CHAP.

(*l*) This production was executed by the assistance of a little press which M. de Kempe-
pellan, the inventor of the automatic chess-player, had formed for her.

(*m*) If there is any operation among the blind which requires to be directed by those who see, it is printing for the use of these last we acknowledge. This speculation has been
often

C H A P. VII.

Of Writing.

THE example of Bernouilli, who had taught a young blind girl to write, and that of M. Weiffenbourg, who, deprived of sight from seven years of age, has procured for himself the advantages of fixing also his ideas upon paper by writing, have encouraged us to try the means of putting the pen into the hands of our pupils. But always occupied in our real point of view, that is to say, in rendering our institution in every respect useful to those individuals who were its objects, we have thought that it could not but be curious to cause the blind to write, if they could arrive at reading their own hand; this is what engaged us in causing to be made for their use a pen of iron, the top of which was not split, and with which writing without ink, and supported with a strong paper, they produce upon it a character in relief which they can afterwards read, in passing their fingers along the elevated lines on the back of the page. This elevation, however slight it may appear, is always sufficient, especially if care is taken to place below the paper upon which the blind write a soft and yielding surface, such as several leaves of waste-paper, of pasteboard, or of leather. With respect to the proper me-

often repeated to us upon other different branches of our institution. But have not clear-sighted persons who labour at the press themselves need of a guide, to whose skill they are obliged to pay deference? And in the other states of life do we not see persons more enlightened, directing those who are less, whilst those are in a situation to conduct people less experienced than they? 'Tis thus that, in the day of battle, the general of an army gives orders, the intention of which his subaltern officers are ignorant. It was thus that the pilot conducts to the end of their voyage the learned academicians who are unskilled in the art of navigation.

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chanism of teaching the art of writing to those who are born blind, it is by no means difficult to be executed; you have only to teach your pupil to trace, with a pointed instrument, the characters ranged in form of lines. But instead of directing the process of this pointed instrument by means of characters in relief, as M. Weissenbourg has done, it is better to conduct it by letters graven hollow on some plate of metal. We have, besides this precaution, taken that of giving our printed letters the form of written, in order early to accustom the blind pupil to catch the resemblance. At last, when he has acquired the habit of distinguishing their forms, there remains nothing more for him to write straight but to place upon his paper a frame, internally furnished with small rising lines, parallel to the direction of the writing, and distant from one another about 9-10ths of an inch. These parallel lines serve to direct his hand, whilst he transports it from left to right, in order to trace the characters.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Arithmetic.

WE have admired the ingenious tables of Saunderfon (*n*), and those of M. Weissenbourg (*o*); the reason why we have adopted

(*n*) The arithmetical table of Saunderfon was formed of a board divided into small squares, placed horizontally, and separated one from the other at equal distances; each little square was pierced with nine holes, viz. one on the midst of each side. It was by the different positions of the pegs uniformly placed in different holes that Saunderfon could express any kind of number.

(*o*) We have seen, in the hands of M^{lle} Paradis, arithmetical tables which we believe to have been those of M. Weissenbourg. But without a particular study, one cannot follow the operations which are performed by the help of these tables. We do not know if our pupil could operate with equal swiftness and certainty by these means as he could by those of persons who see, and we have no other merit but that of rendering them palpable to him.

neither

neither of these methods was from another view, viz. that we might preserve, without interruption, the strictest analogy possible between the means of educating the blind and those who see, we have thought that the manner of these last ought to be preferred. Likewise when our pupils calculate, one may follow their operations, step by step.

We have caused to be made for them to this end, a board pierced with different lines of square holes, proper for receiving moveable figures and bars for separating the different parts of an operation.

We have added, to render this board more useful, a case composed of four rows of little boxes, containing all the figures proper for calculation, and which are placed at the right hand of the blind person while he operates. The only difficulty which occurred was to represent all the possible fractions, without multiplying the characters which express them. We have thought of causing to be cast 10 simple denominators in the order of the figures 0, 1, 2, &c. even to 9 inclusively; and likewise 10 simple numerators in the same order, moveable, in order to be adapted at the head of the denominators. By means of this combination, there is not a fraction which our pupils cannot express.

One may see from what has been said, that our method has a double advantage.

1. A father of a family, or a tutor, can easily direct a blind child in the study of arithmetic.

2. This blind child, when once instructed, may also conduct, in his turn, the arithmetical operations performed by a child who sees.

The blind have, besides, so great a propensity for calculation, that we have often seen them following an arithmetical process, and correcting its errors, by memory alone.

C H A P. IX.

Of Geography.

WE owe to Madame Paradis the knowledge of geographical maps for the use of the blind. She herself had it from M. Weissenbourg : but we are astonished that neither the one nor the other has carried to a higher degree of perfection, the utensils which contribute to the study of that science.

They mark the circumference of countries by a tenacious and viscid matter, covering the different parts of their maps with a kind of sand mixed with glass, in various manners, and distinguish the order of towns by grains of glass of a greater or lesser size.

We are satisfied with marking the limits in our maps for the use of the blind, by small iron wire rounded ; and it is always a difference either in the form or size of every part of a map, which assists our pupils in distinguishing the one from the other.

These means we have chosen in preference, on account of the ease which they afford us of multiplying, by the assistance of the press, the copies of our original maps for the use of the blind. It will, besides, be more apt than any other to offer itself to the execution of details the most delicate which can affect the touch of these individuals ; and the first of our pupils have brought themselves to such admirable perfection in the use of geographical maps, that people see them with surprise, at our exhibitions, distinguish a kingdom, a province, an island, the impression of which is presented

fented to them, independent of other parts of a map, upon a square piece of paper.

CHAP. X.

Of Musc.

IN tracing the plan of the education of the blind, we have at first looked upon music only as an appendage fit for relaxing them after their labour. But the natural propensity in the greatest number of the blind for this art; the resources which it can furnish to several among them for their sustenance; the interest with which it inspires those who deign to be present at our exhibitions, have all forced us to sacrifice our own opinion to the general utility.

The blind have natural propensities for this art. A considerable number of them, deprived of the means of living, seize with eagerness, through necessity, an employment towards which their inclination had already so powerfully attracted them. It is only the want of instruction, without doubt, which reduces some of them to the necessity of wandering in the streets, from door to door, grating the ear by the aid of an ill-tuned instrument, or a hoarse voice, that they may extort an inconsiderable piece of money, which is frequently given them with an injunction to be silent (*p*).

Others

(*p*) If the taste and inclination which certain blind persons have shown for the violin, or for such instruments as can easily be joined with it, were directed by art, perhaps they might make use of it for gaining more decently their livelihood. An estimable ci-

tizen

Others less unfortunate, and giving themselves up by choice to an instrument which affords them more resource, follow the career of Couperin, of Balbatre, of Sejan, of Miroir, of Carpentiers (*q*).

Our institution will furnish all of them with assistance, whether in the study or practice of their art. Before our time, teachers of the blind were obliged to make them comprehend, by playing them over and over, the small pieces of music which they wished to execute. We have caused to be cast musical characters proper to represent upon paper all its possible varieties, by elevations on its surface in the manner of those which we have devised to represent words (*r*).

By the assistance of our printed music, then the blind pupil may learn at present the principles of that art, and impress on his memory the different pieces of music with which he wishes to enrich it (*s*).

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tizen *, who approves all the parts of our institution, without discovering for any of them a particular predilection, suggested to us in the course of one of our exhibitions, that one might usefully employ in the train blind musicians at festivals.

(*q*) All the world knows the merit of Mr. Chauvet, blind organist of Notre Dame de Bonne-Nouvelle. They quote in France several other blind people, whose talents ascertain the utility of this study for our pupils. How comfortable for us will it be one day to have extracted from this art of harmony the means of subsistence for a part of these unfortunate people, and to have seen them become, by a happy choice, the instruments of beneficence.

(*r*) It has been objected to us with propriety, that our blind pupils cannot execute and feel the musical characters at the same time, which people who see call performing at sight, but this never was the end which we proposed. What matters it though they perform a piece of music by heart, provided they perform it correctly and faithfully.

(*s*) No person is ignorant how faithful and sure are the memories of the blind, and with what readiness they furnish them. It is likewise known, what a clear conception

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* Mr. Thierry, Author of the Traveller's Almanack.

He may likewise form to himself a library of taste, composed of the most enchanting musical productions; and in short he himself may transmit to us the fruits of his own genius (*t*).

With respect to the music introduced into our particular exhibitions, we beg of our readers only to consider it as a decent recreation, which we have seen ourselves obliged to grant to our pupils. Our institution is, in its origin, a kind of work-house, the different artists and labourers of which amuse their toils from time to time with harmony. And we have, with less reluctance, permitted them to execute some little pieces, even in their public exercises, that the most part of the beneficent people, who have deigned to be present at them, have shown the most lively and sensible compassion on hearing their performances.

the greatest number of them discover in difficult operations of mind; talents so astonishing, that one would almost doubt whether nature was more parsimonious in her gifts with respect to them, or anxious to recompence them for those which she has refused.

(*t*) Mlle Paradis, who was employed in the study of composition during her continuance in Paris, and who then sought the means of figuring the cords, learned with pleasure that we were making trials on the same subject. We regret that her abrupt departure to go and reap under another climate the fruits of her talents, did not leave us time to offer her the result of our procedures, to assist her in fixing upon paper the matter of her study.

CHAP.

C H A P X I.

Of the Occupations relative to Manual Employments, or Handicrafts.

BEFORE the birth of our institution, some of the blind, doubtless fatigued with that wretched inactivity to which their deplorable situation seemed to condemn them, made efforts to shake it off. (u) Convinced of their fitness for several manual employments, we had no other anxiety but that of selecting such tasks as were proper for them. We applied them with success to spinning. (x) Of the thread which they spun we succeeded in making them twist pack-thread, and of this pack-thread we made them weave girths. Their labours at the Boisseau (y), in making small walking staves of cords,

(u) Amongst the blind, who not having the advantage of enjoying the pension of *Quinze-Vingts*, are obliged to ask their livelihood in the capital, we have seen several who occupied themselves in employments relative to handicrafts. The number of these which we can make the blind exercise in our work-houses is very considerable; and we are not afraid to assert, that, if we continue to be favoured, we shall arrive one day at placing all the blind under shelter from indigence by employing them advantageously.

(x) Blind children, who are under instruction in the house of our institution, spin by the assistance of the ingenious machine invented by the Sr. Hildebrand, a mechanic. One among them turns a principal wheel, which gives to several smaller wheels a motion which each spinner can stop, quicken, or retard, at his pleasure, without disturbing the general order.

(y) The translator takes here the liberty of retaining the original French word, not being able to find an English name for the same utensil. *Boisseau* properly signifies a bushel, but likewise means an instrument of timber, of a semiglobular form, and about one foot
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cords, in the working of nets, in sewing, in binding books, all were tried to our satisfaction; and we wanted labourers rather than work; so many are the kinds of manual employment, which one may trust to the unfortunate persons who are deprived of the pleasure of sight.

After these first trials, we will neglect nothing to put early into the hands of a blind child, born of indigent parents, an occupation from which he may one day draw his sustenance. We will thus extirpate the inclination to beggary; and we will finish (if the expression may be allowed us), by grouping our picture, as well as by giving animation to the individual figures it contains.

CHAP. XII.

Of the Manner of Instructing the Blind, and a Parallel of their Education with that of the Deaf and Dumb.

AS we have principally attached ourselves to simplify the means and the utensils proper for the instruction of the blind, we flatter ourselves we have placed their education within the reach and compass of all the world. This operation, besides that it is easy in itself, requires more courage than knowledge in a master. We believe then, that upon this subject we have no particular advice to give.

and a half in length, very light, which is placed upon the knee for working. They make use of it in plaiting small round cord, or working girdles of silk, or other works, which they call done with the *boisseau*, to distinguish them from those which are made upon frames.

By the aid of our books in relievo, every one can teach them to read. Upon the musical works formed in our press every professor of that art may give them lessons. With an iron pen, with plates and moveable characters, executed according to our models, the first masters in writing may teach them that art and arithmetic. In short, there wants nothing but maps in relievo to direct their studies in geography; and so of other things (y).

We cannot conclude this reflection on the degrees of facility with which the blind may be educated, without drawing a parallel between it and the method of educating the deaf and dumb. However surprising to the eyes of the public the result of our procedure may appear, we are very far from implicitly joining in that rash admiration of some persons who are very willing to give this result a preference to the art of instructing the deaf and dumb: An art, we dare say, incredible to those who have never been witnesses of the success to which it has been conducted by the virtuous ecclesiastic, who is its original author; and with regard to which, several, even of those who have seen the proofs of this art, neither know how to estimate its merit or to feel its difficulties. Let any person in reality follow them step by step: let him take the Abbé in the first instant of time, when he begins to wish to make his first signs understood by his pupil. Let such a one explain to us by what en-

(y) We will take pleasure in directing the construction of utensils useful for the instruction of the blind who are strangers. The books and works of music shall be furnished by our blind pupils, and sold for their benefit alone. When we shall have put the last hand to the objects which demand our chief care, we hope to employ ourselves in their amusements, and in every thing which can form a decent and innocent recreation for the blind. We believe that it ought equally to enter into our views to teach blind children to walk alone, and without a guide.

chanting

chanting and magical talents he teaches the deaf to distinguish the moods of a verb ; its tenses, and the inflexions of its persons. How will one tell us in what manner he insinuates into their minds metaphysical ideas ? By what marvellous secret he makes himself understood by the motion of his lips alone, and maintains a kind of conversation with them, extremely expressive, quite silent as it is ; and it will be agreed, that the talent of impressing the soul with new ideas, in speaking to the eyes alone, by gesticulations infinitely more eloquent than those of all our orators, is much superior to the talent of awaking in the soul ideas which are already engraven on it, by causing to concur with the impression of the voice, upon the organ of hearing, the delicacy of a touch exercised in seizing the nicest elevations on the surface of a paper. It is a long time since we have been anxious to pay this tribute to *M. l' Abbe de l'Epée*; we congratulate ourselves on having this task to perform in such favourable circumstances, and we flatter ourselves that our readers will feel all the justice of the deference we pay him (x).

(x) We speak with so much more knowledge of the cause of instructing the deaf and dumb ; and our opinion is so much more agreeable to truth, that obliged, by circumstances from which we could not extricate ourselves, to consecrate the leisure which the instruction of the blind left us to that of *a young man found upon the coast of Normandy*, who is deaf and almost dumb, we have felt in every step how difficult the enterprise was, beyond the reach of our powers, and a task alone for *M. l'Abbe de l'Epée*. We propose to ourselves to give the history of this unfortunate young man. The composition of it shall be done by him, and the print by blind children. The whole shall be introduced by proposals for subscription ; the benefits arising from which shall be divided into two equal parts, and given one half to the blind children, and the other to that unfortunate young man.

C H A P XIII.

Of Languages, History, Mathematics, &c.

IT is chiefly for the study of all these objects, that the books which we have invented for the use of the blind, will be to them of immense utility. Elementary works of languages, of mathematics, of history, &c. will be in reality the first foundation of their library. Those which they can produce themselves, and which shall merit the public approbation, will be justly entitled to a place there (a).

We will take particular care to join in their library works equally fitted to form the heart and cultivate the mind of our blind pupil, in fixing, as the basis of these studies, the most essential of all studies, that of religion. By the assistance of such principles, we will inculcate the love of his duty, and in particular, gratitude towards his benefactors. In enlivening his days by the interesting details of history, we will cause him to know the French, among whom he will congratulate himself on having received his existence. We

(a) It was certainly a desirable and a happy thing for Saunderfon, author of various productions, to commit them himself to paper, and, without being obliged to depend on the fidelity of a secretary, to be able at every instant to render himself an exact account.

One of our pupils shewing a disposition to poetry, we beg of our readers to permit us to encourage it in subjoining a specimen of his rising talent, after the models of different works in printing, which can be executed by the blind, and which are at the end of this volume.

will

will engrave upon his memory the principal facts of their history, and the marks of beneficence and humanity which are mixt with the relation of their achievements. We will cause him, above all, to remark, that, in every period of time, the French have distinguished themselves by an inviolable attachment to their kings; and from the faithful picture which we will draw to him of a Monarch, who, formed by himself to inspire that attachment, includes in his equity and beneficence all the particular motives which can add to the energy of this hereditary sentiment, he will feel, as we do, that the most desirable state to which a nation can arrive, is that where the submission of several millions of people towards a common master, presents itself under the image of the respectful tenderness of a large family towards a father who constitutes its happiness.

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HISTORICAL SUMMARY

OF THE

Rise, the Progress, and the Actual State of the
Institution of the Blind Children.

MANY respectable persons have carried the concern which they felt for our institution, even to demand how such an idea could possibly enter into our mind; by what means we attempted the execution of it; and by what degrees it advanced to the point in which it is at present. Anxious to satisfy a curiosity so laudable, we are eager to subjoin here a concise narrative of the rise, progress, and actual state of our establishment.

A novelty of a kind so singular has attracted for several years the united attention of a number of persons at the entry of one of those places of refreshment, situated in the public walks whither respectable citizens go to relax themselves about the decline of day.

Eight or ten poor blind persons, with spectacles on their noses, placed along a desk which sustained instruments of music, where
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executed a discordant symphony, seemed to give delight to the audience. A very different sentiment possessed our soul, and we conceived, at that very instant, the possibility of realizing, to the advantage of those unfortunate people, the means of which they had only an apparent and ridiculous enjoyment: the blind, said we to ourselves, do they not know objects by the diversity of their forms? are they mistaken in the value of a piece of money? Why can they not distinguish a C from G in music, or an *a* from an *f* in orthography, if their characters were rendered plain.

We reflected sometimes on the utility of this undertaking; there another observation came to strike us. A young child, full of understanding, but deprived of sight, listened, with advantage, to correct the errors of his brother in reading. He even frequently besought him to read his elementary books to him. He, more employed in objects of amusement, shut his ears to the solicitations of his unhappy brother, whom a cruel disease carried off very soon.

These different examples soon convinced us how precious it would be to the blind to possess the means of extending their knowledge, without their being obliged to wait for, or sometimes even in vain to demand, the assistance of those who saw.

If the execution of these means appeared to us possible, it did not fail at first to present us with some difficulties. We had need of encouragement, we confess. Mademoiselle Paradis arrived in this metropolis. She shewed us her attempts, and those of M. Weissenbourg. We collected those of the blind who lived before our time; we put into execution several of their proceedings; to these we joined the results of our own; and we formed a general plan of

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the Institution. There was only wanting a person upon whom we might try our first experiments. Providence deigned, without doubt, to direct our choice upon him.

François le Sueur, struck with blindness in consequence of convulsions at the age of six weeks, had not, at the age of seventeen years and a half, any notion relative to literature. Descended from a respectable family, but entirely deprived of the advantages of fortune, and constrained to seek the means of subsistence in the place frequented by people least easy in their circumstances, although perhaps the most laborious, the blind youth scarcely enjoyed the use of reason, when he was afraid of being burdensome to his parents; he soon found himself under the necessity of going and presenting himself at the gates of our temples, there to crave that kind of unsubstantial and momentary assistance which is given by those who enter, which the indigent often obtain with difficulty from the rich, who industriously avoid their importunities. Full of joy at the least acquisition, he flies with eagerness to the bosom of his unhappy family, to divide the fruit of his solicitations, with the authors of his being, and with three sisters and two brothers, whereof the last is still upon the breast. It was in the midst of this hard life, as little calculated to inspire as to favour a taste for the sciences, that our first pupil began his education. Soon did a noble enthusiasm wholly take possession of him; he snatched from the necessity of labouring for his existence, those moments which he consecrated to study. His efforts were not slow in being followed with success. They demanded of us to see the result of our proceedings; we seized the favourable circumstance of an Academical Assembly, where we were appointed to read a memorial. We took for its subject certain reflections on the education of the blind. M. le Noir, then
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the magistrate, charged with the administration of the police, was president of this assembly. He saw our first attempts, received them with that concern with which he presently inspired Ministers, protectors of arts and indigence. M. le Comte de Vergennes, M. le Baron de Breteuil, Mr. Comptroller General, and Mr. Keeper of the Seals, were kindly willing to permit that the young Sueur should perform his exercises in their presence, and all these respectable witnesses encouraged our first pupil by their beneficence.

But whilst we were employed in delineating our plan of education for blind children, already had a company of beneficent gentlemen, composed of members of the first distinction, for their birth, their employments, their fortune or their talents; depositaries of the public benefits of which every one inclines to increase the mass according to his wealth; who snatching an interval from their business or their leisure hours go twice every month to employ themselves at the bottom of a cloyster, far from the public observation, about the means of diminishing the number of the unfortunate; already, I say, had the Philanthropic Society laid the foundation of this institution. Twelve poor blind children received from this company each one the assistance of twelve livres *per* month. Satisfied with our first trials, they designed to intrust us with the care of these unfortunate people. We were not slow in conceiving the hope of adding, to the assistance which they had given them, the product of their labours. What obligations have we not to acknowledge to the whole of this respectable society? And why is it not permitted to us to name those of its members, who having neither reputation nor fortune to acquire, have shared with us, modestly and in silence, the numerous details into which the education of this establishment leads us!

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Very soon did our institution acquire a new degree of importance in the eyes of the public. Then they ceased to believe that the power of receiving by touch the education which we proposed, was restricted to an individual alone favoured with the propensities inspired by nature. Of the fourteen blind children instructed in the first rudiments, there were then found only three whose progress had been slow; because enjoying still a weak ray of light, they obtained at least from touch what remained to them almost entirely lost from the weakness of their sight.

There remained no more to put the last hand to this establishment but the testimony of the learned upon these means. The Academy of Sciences has designed to employ itself in examining them, and drew up the report which we have inserted at the end of this work.

Led by the suffrages of people instructed, by their own experience, by the emotions of a heart disposed to favour the good, the public have been eager from all quarters to contribute to the expence of rearing a house which we have built for suffering nature.

The Royal Academy of Music performed on the 19th of February 1786, for the benefit of blind children, a concert, in which the audience were divided on one hand between the noble disinterestedness of the members, and on the other between the talents which they displayed on that occasion.

In short, the Lyceum, the Museum, and the Hall of Correspondence, disputed among themselves with emulation the agreeable satisfaction of seeing, in the midst of their academical meetings, young blind children lift out the first elements of reading, of calculation, &c. and in the scenes of learned emulation, where Genius alone had till then found encouragement, beneficence has, for the first time, been seen decreeing a crown.

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Enthusiasm gained over particular societies ; and the exercises of blind children were always terminated by some acquisition in their favour, sent to the house of the Philanthropic Society, who, joining their assistance to what was produced by the funds of the institution, distributed the sums to them with the tenderness which a good mother equally feels for every one of her children.

Thirty of these unfortunate children, with these assistances, partake the advantage of our institution. Several others, too young to be set to work, receive no less that relief to which their sad situation seems to secure them a right. But in the actual state in which our establishment is, we beg our readers not to regard it but as a beginning. We hope that their sagacity will shew them, in these first fruits, a pledge of that success which they promise in the sequel. It is thus that an attentive observer of the productions of nature sees, that the buds which the spring causes to shoot forth from all parts of the trees, announces the fruits which autumn will produce.

SWEET Harmony, from heav'n descend,

Inspire and tune my languid strain ;

To me thy kind assistance lend,

My genius in its flight sustain.

O deign, delightful God of day,

To guide and animate my way ;

I seek the sacred vale alone,

My muse, alas ! too apt to fear,

When no bright beams her journey chear,

Trembling, approaches Helicon.

To barren idleness our days,
 By cruel fate were once confin'd;
 Our woes kind Industry allays,
 Once more to social life confign'd:
 The various useful tasks and arts,
 Which she to us with ease imparts,
 Shall soon our ling'ring hours console;
 To chearful hope once more we rise;
 Our being, erst consum'd in sighs,
 Grows less oppressive to the soul.

TYPOGRAPHIES, by which imprest,
 The learneds thoughts embodied shine,
 Their immortality attest:
 Treasures, O France, which now are thine.
 Eyeless, thank heav'n's supreme decree,
 We can to late posterity,
 Transmit the light of every sage;
 Though blind, we can in open day,
 Truth's venerable form display,
 And shew the glories of our age.

GREECE, fruitful source of arts refin'd,
 To mortals raptur'd and surpriz'd,
 Gave perfect masters of each kind,
 At once beheld and idoliz'd.

Yet

YET though their times we justly praise,
Illum'd by such effulgent rays,
Did then the dumb articulate ?
Or had the hopeless blind been taught,
From tactile signs to construe thought,
To read, to write, and calculate ?

THOUGH Nature from our darken'd eyes,
For ever veils her charms sublime,
The form of earth, and ev'n of skies,
By Fancy's aid, we figuring climb ;
We trace the rivers to their source,
Of stars we calculate the course ;
From Europe to th' Atlantic shore,
Successive journies we pursue,
Thanks to the hand, whose prudence due,
Guides us in Geographic lore.

DEAR brethren of affliction, aid
My songs, th' auspicious days to bless,
Which wrap our fate in softer shade,
And tend to make its horrors less.
And while my Muse, with grateful lays,
To sing the virtues all essays,

Which

Which in our zealous patrons glow;
 The gratitude their worth inspires,
 Shall burn with unextinguish'd fires,
 And in our bosoms ever grow.

By H U A R D,
 Blind, and Pensioner to the Philanthropic
 Society of Paris.

F I N I S.



